

*The Australian*

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY



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PRICE

6<sup>d</sup>

**Cover girl quest**

See page 15



# What will Christmas 1951 be like?



**Will Christmas 1951 be a happy one for you?**

**Will it be a happy one for any of us?**

**Will it even be a Christmas of peace?**

These are questions which only time will answer — but one thing is certain . . . if we peace-loving Australians fail to face the urgent task of making our Defence Forces strong, our whole future will be gravely imperilled.

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We must look to every man of military age for full or part-time service, as a sailor, soldier or airman. The faith and courage of our women must strengthen and sustain the national effort. What we do must be supported by the individual contribution of every good Australian, if freedom and progress are to be our children's inalienable heritage.

**What we do  
Now will Determine the Fate  
and Future of Australia**



# Remember Me Always

9 JAN 1951  
BY CLARE  
BRETON SMITH

IT was one of those perfect days when the sun shines and the frosty air sets the blood racing, Rene had been allowed to leave the office early to buy Jimmy a birthday present. She was seeing him that afternoon.

Probably this was Jimmy's very first birthday party, although it was his seventh birthday. His present must be absolutely super. Rene ached to make up to him for the long, lonely years when he had had no one to love him.

As she went into a big store she caught a glimpse of her face in the mirror and she studied it anxiously. Be honest now—she told herself—you're really excited about Ralph Bowden.

Ralph was her boss. He was tall and dark, with an air of reckless sophistication. She had taken dictation from him for months without him ever "seeing" her until today, when she had asked for an hour off.

"A birthday present? For a small boy—your nephew?" he asked.

She flushed. "No, he's not really a relative. He's a little boy in an orphanage, and I take him out every Saturday." Ralph had looked puzzled and rather amused.

"All right." He had smiled suddenly. "Are you going to the firm's dance on Wednesday?"

She hesitated. She had not been able to make up her mind. Ralph had stood up. "Please do. I'll look forward to seeing you there."

She reached the toy department and looked round eagerly. What sort of present would Jimmy like best? And then she saw the kite.

She looked at the price, swallowed twice and walked right round the department again. Back she came to the kite.

"Can I help you?" A quiet, pleasant voice interrupted her thoughts.

A young man stood before her. His hair was sandy and rumpled, his green-grey eyes friendly.

"Would a boy of seven like this kite?" She knew the answer before he gave it, but could not help wishing the toy was not quite so expensive.

"He'd love it. It's grand fun—flying a kite! It's a big kite for a little fellow, though. Maybe his father—"

Rene could feel the dimple tugging at her cheek. "His father is dead."

"I'm sorry. Forgive me." He looked genuinely upset. "You'll need a wide open space, or you'll get it caught up on the trees."

"We usually go to Battersea Park," she said. "Jimmy and I—"

"Is that your little boy's name?"

Rene relented. "He's not my little boy—yet." Suddenly

she found herself telling him the whole thing—only in much greater detail than she had told Ralph. Jimmy was in an orphanage near her home, and the authorities had asked people to adopt the children and take them out on Saturdays, remember their birthdays and give them a feeling that they "belonged" to someone.

Being an orphan herself, the idea had appealed to her. She had liked Jimmy from the start.

"I think it is marvellous of you," the young man said with frank admiration. "Not many girls would bother."

"Oh, Jimmy is a darling," Rene sobered for a second. "I'm hoping—one day—to adopt him properly. That's what he'd like."

"I bet he would," the young man said fervently.

Then he showed her how to unfold the kite and gave her minute instructions on how to fly it. When she asked for the bill he looked startled and rather vague. A tall, disagreeable-looking man came up and they went off together. Rene watched anxiously.

Please turn to page 4

ILLUSTRATED BY RON LASKIE



As they were leaving the park, Peter said, "You've made him very happy, Rene."



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stay  
brighter  
longer

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**AUSTRALIAN  
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REPRESENTATIVE IN AUSTRALIA FOR THE BRITISH THOMSON-HOUSTON COMPANY LTD., ENGLAND



## Remember Me Always

Continued from page 3

THERE seemed to be some trouble about a missing cash book. The grim-looking man returned and took her money.

After lunch she met Jimmy. The kite might have cost the earth, but it was worth every penny to see Jimmy's face.

In the park Rene struggled to get it in the air while Jimmy waited.

"Can I help?" a pleasant voice asked. Rene turned and saw the young man from the shop!

Rene began to laugh. "I think you've saved our lives. I'm no kite-flyer."

"My name is Peter Dean," the young man said.

The kite sailed like a bird. Jimmy's face glowed. Peter said softly, "That child is in heaven."

Rene's eyes filled with tears. "I know, isn't it awful. I've just realised how much he trusts me, and I'm afraid—"

Peter went back to the little flat with them to tea—and held his breath as Jimmy tried to blow out all the candles on his birthday cake, and succeeded.

Jimmy laughed. "Gosh, that means I'll get my wish."

"What's that?" Peter asked.

"My wish was Rene would adopt me."

They both took Jimmy back to the orphanage. "If Rene can't manage to meet you on Saturday I will," Peter said.

It was absurdly easy to talk to Peter, and unconsciously she told him much more than she put into words, so that he could feel her loneliness.

She did not mean to, but somehow she told him about Ralph Bowden.

Ralph absolutely swept her off her feet. They went driving the next two Saturdays.

It was a drear, fog-locked day the following Saturday and she wondered again what Peter would do with Jimmy.

Peter had rung up that morning to learn her plans, and had been comfortingly reassuring when she said she couldn't take Jimmy out that day. "Of course Jimmy understands. I'll give him your love."

That night when they were dancing, Ralph said, "A penny for them, dearest."

"I was wondering what Jimmy—" He lost a beat of music, his face suddenly dark. "Trying to make me jealous, darling?"

She knew sudden despair. Maybe if Ralph saw Jimmy he would understand. But somehow Ralph did not want to see the little boy. He always had other plans.

They were waiting for Ralph's mother to return from America so that she could give them her blessing before they were married. Rene loved him for wanting his mother to approve.

How could she give up Ralph and all that made life worth living? She loved Jimmy, too, but in a different way. He would forget her—in time.

But all the time she knew she was trying to fool herself. Jimmy only wanted one thing—her love. And if she married Ralph, he could never have that, for Ralph was a jealous man.

She was going to tell Ralph she could not meet him the next Saturday, but, miraculously, he had to go away on business, so she was free.

Peter sounded surprised when he telephoned. "Good, give him my love."

She felt absurdly disappointed. "Won't you come along, too?"

"Better not," He rang off. Jimmy hugged her, and promptly looked for Peter. "We were going

to a boxing match. He said we'd do all the things girls hate while you couldn't come."

"I'm sorry," Rene said, feeling suddenly inadequate. Already Jimmy had replaced her image in his heart.

They sailed his boat on the pond while Jimmy kept a sharp look-out for Peter. Rene was horribly aware that he was missing him.

Ralph was angry when he learned how she had spent her afternoon. "You must drop the boy."

She was just as definite. "I will not, Ralph. He is my responsibility."

His eyes narrowed. "Mother is coming back. She wants to see you on Thursday—"

"Oh, Ralph—" The full implication of his words swept the memory of Jimmy out of her mind momentarily. "I hope she will like me."

She had Thursday off. She was all ready when Ralph came for her.

The telephone bell shrilled as they were leaving the flat. Ralph answered it. "Jimmy—" He closed his mouth like a trap.

"Thank you very much. Yes, let us know any fresh developments." He replaced the receiver. "Just a simple case of measles," he said. "That's all. Come along, darling." He led the way downstairs.

"Could we drive round by the orphanage, Ralph? I won't be long."

"It's time we thrashed this thing out, Rene," Ralph said. "Who comes first in your life? Your precious orphan or me?"

"I'm sorry, Ralph, I made a mistake. It was all my fault," Rene said and walked away from the car and Ralph.

IT took her twenty minutes to reach the orphanage. Peter was already there. He came to her side.

"Don't worry, Rene," he said. "He's got a good chance, they rarely operate without—"

"Operate?" she whispered.

He smiled reassuringly. "Only appendicitis."

"Ralph said it was measles," Rene said.

A nurse came in and told them they could see Jimmy for a second.

He looked very small as he lay unconscious on the narrow bed. Peter's fingers gripped Rene's tightly.

The doctor came to stand by them. "He'll be all right," he said gruffly. "Really needs some country air."

Peter said quickly. "He shall have it, Doctor. We're—we're going to be married and we want to adopt Jimmy."

The doctor shook their hands warmly. "May I congratulate you both. The boy will be very lucky."

Outside they walked as in a dream, hands still locked. It had seemed the most natural thing for Peter to say they were to be married. Just as if Rene had always known in her heart.

Then she remembered. "But, Peter—how can we afford it?"

His pleasant freckled face twinkled at her. "I've been holding out on you, darling. Remember that big shop where you bought Jimmy's kite? Well, it's mine."

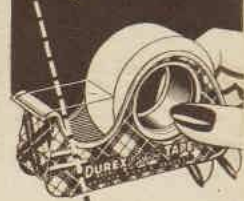
She stood still, shaking back her honey-colored bob. "And I thought you were so poor. I've a very good mind not to marry you."

He laughed breathlessly, and in front of the milling crowd in the street took her in his arms.

"Just you try to get out of it," he said.

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For informative folder, mention this paper and write to "VANIX," Box 38A, G.P.O., Melbourne.



# The Sunny Hours

By Russell Maloney

ILLUSTRATED BY KEITH DALGLEISH

It was a brief but significant talk with a potted geranium that provided the clue to their problem.

**A**LTHOUGH George had lived in New York for only three months, he had already begun to know his way around. For instance, he knew of a little French restaurant where they gave you a pretty good one-dollar table d'hôte dinner. The fact that they charged two-fifty for it put the place out of bounds except for special occasions, but this was a special occasion. Her name was Letitia.

Facing each other across the blurred tablecloth, Letitia and George were playing that pretty lovers' game called Tell-Me-All-About-Yourself. Letitia was the junior partner in a flower shop on Second Avenue, a place just big enough to hold both partners at once. "—but we've got our eyes on a place on Fifty-seventh Street," she was telling George, "and next year, maybe, if business is good enough, we'll move." George looked at her fondly. It was not yet time to say so, but George had other plans for Letitia.

As for George's career—well, that was something that had to be carefully explained. The policy of the Colossal Broadcasting Company with regard to pageboys had to be thoroughly gone into. It is not easy to explain to a girl who looks as if she were going to shape into the only girl in the world that you are a pageboy.

There are pageboys, no doubt, for whom paging is a career, an end in itself; and then there are pageboys destined for greater things. To this latter class George most definitely belonged. Napoleon used to say that every private in his army carried in his knapsack a field-marshal's baton (that was the way Napoleon liked to talk). Similarly, it might be said that every Colossal pageboy carried beneath his gorgeous uniform (sky-blue, it was, with dark blue facings and gold shoulder loops) the stomach ulcer of a radio producer.

"Pretty soon I'm going to be a staff announcer," George told Letitia. He knew that Letitia did not know, and modestly forbade his telling her, that the pageboys at Colossal were auditioned as carefully as opera singers, and had, for their special purposes, striking voices; and also, now that television has come to stay, their faces and figures must match their voices.

Letitia said brightly that it would be nice for George to get to be a staff announcer. George winced. "Nice," indeed! That was hardly the word for the crowning of an ambition that had haunted him for years.

Later, of course, when Letitia knew him better, she would understand the breadth of background his job required.

Please turn to page 16



George took her hand . . . and she was wafted into the jewellers on a soft, scented cloud.



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**"BEST EVER!"**—say glamorous women

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# THE DARK BUREAU

Part five of a  
six-part serial

By  
ERNEST DUDLEY

WHEN TOD ARCHER, in conjunction with special agent ALGY DARK, launches his brilliant new television feature "Meet Your Criminals," THE BUTTERFLY, ruthless director of a current crime wave, gives orders that EDDIE FAGAN is to "get hold of" Archer.

Archer disappears the night of the first broadcast. The next night, attractive MALONE, assistant to LEWIS HULL, who produced the feature, also falls into the criminals' hands when, following a chance clue, she overhears a suspicious conversation between Eddie and NITA BENNETT.

She is taken to The Butterfly, who orders one of his attendants to take her to see Archer. Now read on:—

MALONE threw a look at the man in the black glasses, and then she went out. "The door straight ahead of you," her guide said sharply.

She went across the hall, and the man leaned forward and opened the door for her and she found herself in a narrow passage.

"Here you are." He was unlocking another door on her left. As she went into the room the door slammed behind her and she heard it lock.

"Malone!" Incredulously, the familiar, untidy-looking figure shot up from the chair in which he had been sitting and stared at her, his mouth open.

"Tod," she cried, and rushed towards him.

He was still looking at her as if she were a ghost. "You're the last person I expected to see here. How on earth did you manage to get into this dump?"

"By being a butting-in dope, I'm afraid," she said unsteadily, and poured out the whole story, including Lewis Hull's acrid comments.

When she had finished, Archer was pacing up and down the room for a few moments without speaking. She watched him anxiously. Finally he swung round, his face grim. He took her hands in his and patted them.

"Malone," he said, "I'm afraid it isn't going to be funny. We're in a tough spot."

She nodded and then said brightly: "But we'll get out of it. They must find us. Thank goodness that idea came to me to leave that message."

He looked at her gravely. He said steadily: "What did you say Nita called this place?"

She stared at him for a moment.

"Why?" she asked him. "The Beeches, of course."

"I thought that was what you said," he answered. "You see, my pet, the name of the place isn't The Beeches at all, it's something quite different. That's only the name our friend here has given it among his bunch of thugs. He doesn't leave much to chance."

She managed to gulp: "What is it called then?"

He shrugged his shoulders hopelessly.

"Search me."

"Then," she whispered, "my message. It's no good. They'll be looking for somewhere called The Beeches."

"That's right," he said.

"They'll never find us now."

She stared wildly round the room. It was as barely furnished as hers. Iron bars guarded the long window, and she staggered over to it to gaze blindly out at a patch of neglected garden. He crossed to her and gripped her shoulder encouragingly.

"This isn't like you Malone," he said. "Snap out of it. That message of yours has done some good anyway. Nita. That's a lead; you can trust Algy Dark to make the most of that."

"Yes," she said, brightening a little, "if they make her talk, that'll be a help."

"She'll talk all right, don't you worry," he reassured her.

"Do you know what part of the world we are in?" she asked him.

He shook his head. Then he told his own story.

"I got a taxi in Oxford Street which dropped me at my flat. Then I thought it might help me get off to sleep if I took myself a walk along Chelsea Embankment. I hadn't got very far when this chap drew up alongside in his car and asked me for a light."

"I was just putting the lighter back in my pocket when he put a hand on my arm and said, 'You're Tod Archer, the crime chap on television, aren't you?' I thought he was someone who had seen the show, and I was beginning to feel quite flattered. I said: 'Yes, I am Tod Archer.'"

"He started talking out of the side of his mouth. Very quietly, but just enough for me to get the idea. He had a gun in his other hand with a silencer fitted to it, and if I didn't get in the car he was going to let me have it. At first I didn't take him seriously, then I saw his face, and I knew he was particularly keen on being taken seriously."

He broke off for a moment reflectively. Malone wondered if it were Eddie who had been in the car.

"I knew he would shoot me down," Archer went on. "There was nothing for it but to get into the car, so I did. He drove on a little way and then picked up this girl, who had obviously been waiting for him. From what you say it would be Nita."

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ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 13, 1951



"Then the man was Eddie," she said.

"Maybe that's who he was. I noticed they were careful not to use each other's names. Anyhow," he continued, "she took over the wheel while the boy-friend and I got into the back. He tied a scarf round my eyes, and off we went. I asked him what it was all about, and he told me to shut up."

"I had the idea the car twisted and turned a bit, but when I asked him where we were making for, he didn't answer. Just sat there sticking the gun in my ribs. He and the girl hardly said a word during the whole of the trip, and that's how they brought me here."

They turned round quickly as there came a sound of the key turning in the lock and the door opened. The man who had brought Malone from her room stood there. He still held the heavy pistol pointing menacingly.

"This engaging character," Archer said to her, "is Drew."

The man scowled and jerked his head.

"Back to your own room," he told her.

Malone went back to her own room, with him close behind, treading noiselessly and not speaking. Then the door of her room closed on her again, the key grated in the lock.

"All right, all right! I'm coming!" Drying her hands on her apron, the woman hurried to answer the front-door bell, which was shrilling impatiently through the house.

The visitor raised his hat and gave her a charming smile.

"Good morning," he said agreeably, unobtrusively edging himself into the hall of the house in Wistaria Road. "I wonder if I could take up a few minutes of your valuable time. I'm from the 'Sunday News', and we are trying to obtain a cross-section of housewives' opinions on: 'Should husbands pay their wives a proper salary to be agreed upon by a housewives' union?'"

The woman snorted.

"Housewives' union. Housewives' disunion, I'd call it. If you know, the woman next door wouldn't even lend you her washing-up water if you asked her for it. That's how neighborly they are round here."

Algy Dark grinned at her encouragingly.

"You'd better come in, I suppose," the woman said, "it's a bit draughty in the hall." She led the way into a room at the back. "My name's Holly," she said over her shoulder. "Mrs. Holly. I'm a widow, as a matter of fact. My old man passed over a couple of years ago."

Mrs. Holly proved to possess strong and bitter views upon the topic which Algy Dark, in his role of newspaperman, had put forward. He made some pretence of scribbling on a piece of paper which he produced.

"We are most grateful to you. This is just the sort of thing we want. Put forward so clearly and forcefully, too."

"Glad to have been of help to you," she said, then added hesitantly: "Would you like a cup of tea before you go? The kettle's on. I was just going to have one myself before you arrived."

As he accepted her offer she ambled out the door saying: "Nothing like a cup of tea to keep you going. I always say."

Over the tea, Algy Dark found it easy to lead the woman into talking of her lodgers.

"I've two gents," she said. "Nice, well-spoken, both of them. Never any trouble from them. Nor an elderly party neither who's been with me for years."

"They don't sound like people who would give you any bother," he said, stirring his tea and gazing at her expectantly.

"No, but her," was the grim retort, "a young lady. Lady!" and she snorted.

Algy Dark clicked his tongue censoriously.

Please turn to page 26

In panic, Malone reached up desperately, striving for a hold on the rusty guttering.



# No Job for a Lady

By PHYLLIS DUGANNE

**I**T was with every intention to deceive that Roberta signed her first letter to Anthony King. "Respectfully, Rb't. Burns." On the whole, Robbie was as upright and honest a young woman as any of her Scottish forebears could have wanted, but this seemed to be an occasion when a small evasion was preferable to the stark truth.

In Port-au-Prince, Haiti, Tony King was saddened by the news contained in the letter, but impressed by Rb't. Burns' style, which read:

Dear Mr. King: It is with deep sorrow that I must inform you that Angus, my grandfather, died yesterday. He was eighty-seven years old, and to my knowledge had never been sick. It is still difficult for us not to believe what we believed yesterday morning, that for the first time in his life he had overslept.

He left Holly Hill, as he has kept it during your long absence, in perfect condition. The furnace in the main house has been set at fifty-five degrees throughout the winter, and there is no sign of dampness or any leaks.

Since early March he has been preparing the ground, and already the lawns are green, the trees, shrubs, and perennials flourishing and healthy.

I am writing you now, not only to tell you our sad news but to suggest that, should you wish it, I feel entirely competent to take over my grandfather's work and responsibilities, at least until you return. As you know, my mother came here to live four years ago, and my brothers are both in high school in the village. I have visited my grandparents often enough to be familiar with the place and its needs.

If you think me too young—I am twenty-two—remember that some might have thought grandfather too old. I believe neither to be true. I graduated from agricultural college last year, having inherited my grandfather's love and interest in growing things, as well as his green thumb. It is my ambition, eventually, to become a landscape gardener, but until you return and can make your own arrangements, nothing would please me more than to step into my grandfather's place.

I am strong, industrious, and sober. I assure you that Holly Hill will be both safe and well tended in my hands.

Respectfully,  
Rb't. Burns.

Tony King replied, with characteristic extravagance, by cable:

"Deeply sorry about Angus and most grateful for your offer. Letter giving full authorisation to take complete charge Holly Hill will follow. Sincerely, King."

Robbie was thinning the fan-shaped irises in the narrow bed which followed the long, curving driveway to the big house when a boy on a bicycle brought the cable.

"You Mr. Burns?" he demanded with a grin.

He knew perfectly well who she was. The town was small, and Holly Hill was its show place. Before the plane crash in which Anthony's King's parents had been killed, in '44, its life had dominated the town.

"I'm Mr. Burns," said Robbie. She wiped the damp earth from her hands on the sides of her dungarees and signed in her firm writing, "R. Burns."

"Mr. King coming back?" he asked.

Robbie's fingers left a streak of dirt on her cheek as she tucked a red-gold curl under Angus' old tweed cap. Beneath a boy's grey flannel work shirt, her bosom rose and fell unboyishly as she read the message.

"He doesn't say," she answered. Her dark blue eyes were bright with relief. "He's

appointed me to take over grandfather's position."

This meant that they could all stay on in the cottage—her grandmother, her mother, the two boys, and herself. Saddened as she had been by Angus' death, she had felt sadder for the living. Her grandmother had spent thirty years in the cottage; to transplant her now would have been a tragedy.

Four years ago, when Robbie entered college, her mother and two younger brothers had come here to live. The boys were happy in the local school and had grown strong and tall on fresh vegetables and milk, the clean fresh air of Holly Hill. With her grandfather's generous salary still coming in, they could go on to college, and granny and her own frail pretty mother would be secure and safe.

Robbie hoped that Mr. Anthony King would continue to stay away from Holly Hill or at least stay away long enough for her to prove her capability before he could be prejudiced by her sex. He had been back only once in the years since his parents' death, and she had not seen him.

"He'll return when he finds himself a woman," her grandfather had prophesied. "He loves Holly Hill, Robbie, and a happy little lad he was here when his folks were alive. He'll wander a while longer, perhaps, but he'll come home."

Robbie crossed her brown, calloused fingers. Don't hurry, please, Mr. Anthony King, she thought. She got up and ran across the lawn to the cottage, where her grandmother rocked, quiet and pensive, her old hands idle on her lap, and her mother sewed.

"Everything's all right," she told them. "Mr. King wants us to stay."

It was her grandmother who reached for the cable. She looked at Robbie with eyes as clear and cool as mountain lakes.

"Did you purposely give Mr. King to understand that you were a male, Roberta?" she demanded, her R's burring rather more than usual.

"I'm afraid that I did," Robbie admitted. "Not that I said so, granny." She tossed her head impatiently. "And not that it matters," she added.

It was the first time that Robbie had seen her grandmother smile since Angus' death.

To his formal letter, giving Robert Burns, grandson of Angus, authority to charge whatever he needed for the maintenance of Holly Hill, Mr. Anthony King had added casually: "Write and tell me how the place looks, when you have time."

Robbie had always thought that Holly Hill was one of the loveliest places she had ever seen. Now that it was in her care—the pale Georgian house, the formal gardens and lawns—she felt a new relationship to it. There was a breathless quality about the interior of the house, a feeling of expectancy, as though soon the curtain would go up or the party begin. It was fundamentally a gay house, as Amanda King had been a gay and happy woman; death had left no mark upon it.

In the long drawing-room, with the pastel Aubusson carpet and pale primrose curtains, a full-length portrait of Amanda, done in the romantic manner of Gainsborough, with a Dalmatian leaning against her knee, set the key to the house's mood.

"It is almost as though your mother's happiness has remained here," Robbie wrote Anthony King. "I go inside several times a week to

"Most people do not employ female gardeners," she said. "I doubt if your wife would care for one."





**Robbie Burns admitted she had a green thumb. Her only wish was that Anthony King would stay away long enough for her to prove it before he could be prejudiced by her sex.**

make sure that everything is all right, and always I am struck by the sense of life, as though people were in the next room. The gardens have the same sense of life and of identity with Mrs. King."

On the high verandah of the Grand Hotel Dessalines in Port-au-Prince, Tony King read Robbie's letter and ordered a rum-and-soda before he read it through a second time.

Homesickness swept over him like a swirling fog. He held out the letter to Margo Bascom, who was reading her own mail, sipping her own drink across the table from him. "My new gardener seems to be a bit of a poet," he told her.

"He was obviously good in English at school, your Robert Burns," Margo said, when she finished reading the letter. "I bet he has a play half written. How old is he?"

"Twentyish," said Tony.

"He sounds a bit on the effeminate side to me."

"Not Angus' grandson," Tony assured her. "I've never met the boy, but I'll bet on that." He lit a cigarette, though he had one burning in the ash tray. "It's strange, his feeling about the place and my mother, isn't it?"

"I'm not sure that your feeling about it isn't a bit strange, too," she told him. "How long is it since you've been back, Tony?"

"Three years."

"And you keep heat on and the gardens weeded," she said.

He met her eyes squarely. "I'm not neurotic about it," he retorted. "It's better for the place, the books and upholstery, and the gardens."

She was smiling. "It seems almost rude to keep a house waiting like that. Like keeping a woman waiting. Besides being criminally extravagant."

Robbie Burns complacently admitted that she had a green thumb. Anthony King had an equally innate quality known as the Midas touch. He was easily interested in a variety of things—coffee plantations in Brazil, real estate in Florida, lumber mills in Maine, and sugarcane in Haiti. His interests, supplemented by an acute practicality and capital to invest wherever he liked, invariably paid off.

At twenty-nine, Tony was not only wealthier than most of his friends realised but—and this, none of them realised—the bulk of his money he had earned himself.

"Have you any pictures of Holly Hill, Tony?" asked Margo.

"No. I might ask young Burns to take some," he said.

Suddenly the drinks and the hotel verandah could have been anywhere in the world. Margo Bascom or any attractive sophisticated young woman seemed part of a familiar piece, a familiar piece of which he had become very tired.

"Be seeing you," he said abruptly, and carried his mail upstairs to his room.

After a while, he pulled out his portable typewriter. "Dear Robert," he wrote, and then the sentences and questions came fast from his tapping fingers, swift as though he were writing to an old friend, instead of a young man whom he had never met.

Three days later Robbie opened the thin airmail envelope with its strange stamp, and read her employer's letter with a mixture of emotions. Mr. King sounded homesick, and she dreaded his return and felt guilty and apprehensive about her deception.

She had a good camera, and she drove the truck down to the village to buy films.

Driving back with the warm May wind blowing through her curly hair, she thought about her relation to Holly Hill. People came to love the things they took care of—animals, children, or places. She had no romantic notions about Anthony King, but perhaps she was letting herself become too involved emotionally with Mr. King's property. In the two months since her grandfather's death, she had gone nowhere socially, made no social contacts, nor wanted them.

She was not happy as she took the photographs. She took two rolls of films in the garden: the pallid graceful front facade of the house, with the tulips tall and pale against the clumps of tightly budded peonies. The west garden—Angus had told her that Amanda King called it her moonlight garden—with its oval pool and no flowers but white ones. The white irises were blooming.

And then she went inside. The west drawing-room was filled with sunlight, and she managed to catch, in the camera's lens, the Georgian fireplace with Amanda King's portrait above it.

There was a photograph of Anthony King in a silver frame on the writing-desk, and for the first time since she had taken over her grandfather's job she picked it up and really looked at it.

Someday, any day, this young man would return. "When he finds himself a woman," Angus had said. He should not, thought Robbie, have much difficulty in finding himself a woman. It was a face both intelligent and charming, with good features, a straight nose, and wide-apart eyes, a strong, curving mouth. She wondered what color his eyes were, and set the picture back in its place hurriedly. Anthony King's eyes were no concern of hers.

Margo said, "Oh! Are those the pictures of Holly Hill?" when the snapshots dropped from the letter Tony had just unfolded.

The residents of the Dessalines were reading the mail which the hotel jeep had just brought from the post office.

"Yes," said Tony.

"But it's charming!" she cried. "Why, Tony, it's a little jewel of a place!"

"Yes," he agreed.

Her pale eyes were unusually bright as they studied the pictures, and suddenly Tony felt sorry for her. Margo could probably make some man an excellent wife; certainly she was willing to try, for a second time.

Robbie's typewritten letter was brief: "I think the photographs came out very well, especially the interior. If there's anything else you wish me to do, please let me know. Last week I had to buy a new tyre for the truck; otherwise, it is in good condition." There was a postscript: "A pair of orioles have built a nest in the pear tree outside the dining-room window."

He folded the letter slowly and put it back in the envelope with the snapshots. A pair of orioles had built a nest. He was remembering his mother's absurd pleasure when another pair, years before, had nested there.

Margo Bascom was looking at him. "You'd better go back, Tony," she told him when their eyes met.

"It's hard to go back," Tony King said.

She smiled. "Pet, it's impossible. But you'll have to find that out for yourself."

She drove with him to the airport two days later.

"It's been very gay knowing you, Tony," she told him, as they waited. "You've made these past three weeks very pleasant for me."

In the customs room at the Miami airport, four hours later, a feminine voice cried, "Tony King!"

If she had not looked so much like his mother, he would not have recognised this young third cousin. He had not seen her since his parents' funeral; she had been a gangling thirteen or so then. Together they asked, "What are you doing here?"

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ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

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**YOUNG** giant GEORDIE MacTAggart, champion shot-putter of Great Britain's Olympic team, becomes a hero overnight when he risks straining himself by bodily lifting up a crashed car that is crushing a man.

Especially Geordie is a hero to pretty blonde HELGA SORESENSEN, Scandinavian champion, who makes demure love to him on every possible occasion.

But Geordie is a simple Highland lad, bewildered and unimpressed by Olympic selection and the crowd's adulation.

In the midst of the pomp and ceremony of the Games his thoughts are of home and his own people—MUM; his sweetheart, JEAN DONALDSON; THE LAIRD, REF. MacNAB, who trained him; HENRY SAMSON, who taught him physical culture. Now read on:

# Geordie

**O**VER in the centre of the arena, Geordie sat on the grass waiting. It was pleasant enough, for there was a breeze which fanned away the heat of the sun, kept him cool except at the waist where the kilt gripped him tight. It would be pleasant enough if it wasn't for the heaviness that was in him.

"Last round commencing," said

the man in white flannels at the microphone. His voice spread about and sounded back, sounding loudest from the covered stands.

"Weber, Germany, leads with 52 feet 6," he went on. "Second—Hendricks, U.S.A., 52 feet 3½. Third—Van Roon, Netherlands, 51 feet 4½. Fourth—MacTAggart, Great Britain, 51 feet 1 inch."

The first three men took their final turn. None of them did better than fifty, so they were out of it. But now it was Van Roon from Holland. He jumped up lightly. He was a graceful fellow, more like a sprinter than a shot-putter, but big of course. They called him the Flying Dutchman.

With the smile on his face, and the careless way he had, you always thought it was a game with him. But perhaps it wasn't; perhaps he was icy cold and serious underneath. The shot landed with its soft plop, and measurements began again, judges solemn like it was a funeral. "Fifty-one feet 2 inches."

A round of applause, warm and friendly, saying bad luck you didn't win. Van Roon was a favorite with the crowd. He shrugged his shoulders once, up and down, mobile and expressive, and smiled and came back to where the others were sitting.

Geordie had time yet to wait, for he was last man on the list. "Aye last," he muttered. Last in the parade, last in the shot-putting. The last shall be first, it said in the Bible; but that was a different meaning.

Then Weber's name was called. He stood up deliberately, glanced at Helga Sorensen sat with the other girls, waiting to compete after the men's events. But Helga's eyes were on Geordie. He felt them on himself all the time.

There was no lightness about Weber, no smiles, no grace. He was purposeful, arrogant, and yet a little doubtful.

"Weber, Germany, 53 feet exactly." It was a magnificent put. He sat down, still sombre of face.

"Good one," said Geordie. "Danke," said Weber, looking quite human for a moment, forgetting his Schicksal, his Germanic destiny, in a personal honest satisfaction. He's a decent enough chap, Geordie thought suddenly.

"Hendricks, U.S.A." The cheers

of encouragement sounded from every direction.

"Geordie!" It was Helga there beside him. She took his hand and squeezed it, looking at him with the open adoration which stirred him and embarrassed him too. "Good luck, Geordie." She went away again.

Hendricks was at the circle. He had that impersonal dedicated look about him, utterly absorbed; and calm you would think.

Geordie watched him in the hush, not seeing though. It was his own turn next. He began to rub his right arm up and down. The muscles were loose as they should be. But he wasn't right inside himself. Down there in his stomach he was knotted up tight, and in his head too.

This was the last chance you came to, the moment you'd trained for; and you weren't right for it. You were a muckle lump of nerves, not even caring that there was no spark inside you.

Think of home, the minister had said. So now Geordie tried to think of home. He tried to think of the grouse calling in the early morning when the mist lay still about the moor. But it would not come to help him.

Cheering again; not loud enough to mean a winner. No, Hendricks hadn't done it. "Hendricks, U.S.A., 52 feet 8½ inches." Cheers and claps and disappointment.

"MacTAggart, Great Britain." Now it was him and he was on his feet. The roar of applause swept round and above him. They wanted him to win; he knew that for sure.

**By DAVID WALKER**

They wouldn't be shouting their heads off if they didn't wish him well.

But it was no good; he didn't have the extra power in his stomach; he didn't have the bright purpose in his mind. They could shout and shout, and it would do no good.

He took the shot in his hand, and silence fell again, such a silence as you could touch. The Hamburger men, the soft drinks men, the ice-cream men, they stood still. It was that kind of a moment, charged up with a single thought in many minds.

Jim Cameron waited till then to give his shout. This time he shouted in the remembered words of Scotland, in the great voice which would echo in his mountainous Wyoming.

"Come away now, Geordie," belated Jim Cameron, Highland boy and American.

Geordie heard that as he stepped into the circle. He heard the familiar words. They did not do the trick; they did not free him. But they called up something else. It was the face of Jean. He had striven hard these past two weeks and never seen her face.

He saw her now, just as sharp and

clear as if she was before him—grey eyes and smiling lips and hair unruly in the wind.

That was not all. In the hush he heard her speak to him. She sounded close out there where he was lonely. She gave the strength he could not find himself.

"Come away now, Geordie," she said in her soft urgent voice. "Come away, my wee Geordie."

It was like a snap the way it happened. The knots were untied in his stomach; the load jumped off his shoulders; the nervous misery had left him.

He was not alone, he knew now. Jean was with him. Jean had been with him in spirit every step of the way.

"Och ay, Jean," he murmured, facing the board, speaking so low that no one would hear except himself in his own ears; and maybe Jean would hear.

Geordie MacTAggart did his put. There she goes, he thought, watching the ball spin slowly as it climbed. There she goes. I got rid of her that time. That's the last one. That's the last I'll ever do.

Up and up and still for a moment at the peak. And down she starts to come, down across the white blobbed faces, faster, faster, like the Bible swine going helter-skelter for the brusk. Bye-bye, Henry Samson.

The shot plunked dully. It lay far beyond the other marks. "Aaah!" The long gasp of people who have no words to say. It shuddered round the stadium and died, and there was a silence before the storm of cheering.

Geordie dusted his hands on his kilt and walked out of the circle. He smiled for the pride of victory, for the lightness of his troubles over, for the pleasure of the pandemonium.

People were running, vaulting the rail at the edge of the arena, coming to him from every direction, and the hats flew and programmes fluttered in the breeze.

Helga reached him long before the others. She threw herself at Geordie, knocking him off balance so that he clutched to save himself. Her arms were round his neck. "Oh, Geordie, oh, Geordie. You are so wonderful." She clung to him and kissed him passionately.

First the shock of winning; then the shock of Helga's impact; the electric shock of her kiss. Helga stood proxy then; it was several seconds before Geordie thought of disengagement.



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PLAY-CENTRE in new Outpatients' Department at the Melbourne Women's Hospital, where children are cared for while their mothers receive treatment. Children can play with toys, and are given an Oslo lunch. Infants are put down to sleep if mothers are kept waiting for more than two hours.

**M**ELBOURNE'S famous Women's Hospital now has what is believed to be the most modern Outpatients' Department in Australia.

It took three years to build and cost £45,000.

Gifts from citizens, including funds raised by the hospital's 70 auxiliaries, provided most of the money. The State Government gave the rest.

Melbourne Women's Hospital is an important training school in the field of Australian medicine. Nearly 200 medical students and 130 nurses are trained there each year. These trainees as well as patients will benefit from the improved conditions in the Outpatients' Department.

An increased nursing staff can now cope comfortably with the 1000 women who attend the department each week for treatment.

Doctors, nurses, architects, and interior designers worked together in planning the wing.

As a result, it has features that cater specially for the needs and comfort of sick people.

Color plays an important part in the interiors. Color schemes were planned to help give mental rest and relaxation to patients.

At various places there are points of strong color — burgundy, deep brown, and red—to highlight the

all-over muted shades of peach-pink, blue-green, ivory, and grey.

Because color experts believe that sick people are depressed by the sight of fellow patients under harsh white electric light, normal lighting is provided by fluorescent tubes that shed a soft, pale pink glow.

Lights in the examination rooms are attached to ceilings on jointed arms, and are easy for doctors to adjust and manipulate.

The terrazzo floors are heated by steam-filled pipes. There is a public address system to call patients for examination.

Instead of hard benches there are specially designed forms for patients to sit on. Tests were made with patients to find out the most comfortable angle for back-rests for expectant mothers.

Adjoining the surgery, which is equipped for minor obstetrical treatments, is a modern rest-room where patients can lie or sit in comfort until they have fully recovered.

There is also an attractively furnished sitting-room for women in the early stages of labor. The room has a radio, and is always bright with flowers. A glass wall overlooks gardens and the hospital tennis courts. The clinical look has been banished here. The homely atmosphere helps to allay fears, especially in young women who are having a child for the first time.

## New deal for outpatients



OUTPATIENTS AT MELBOURNE WOMEN'S HOSPITAL wait to be called over a loud-speaker system for treatment. Colored arrows set into the terrazzo floor are there to direct the patients to the dressing-cubicles at the right. Patients say that waiting is a pleasure in these surroundings.



MRS. JOYCE PEARCE relaxes in the Melbourne Women's Hospital labor sitting-room, which is removed from sight and sound of delivery rooms. It was endowed by the Friends and Neighbors' Club as a memorial to the late Mrs. P. Coffee, who as "Penelope" was a popular Melbourne broadcaster.



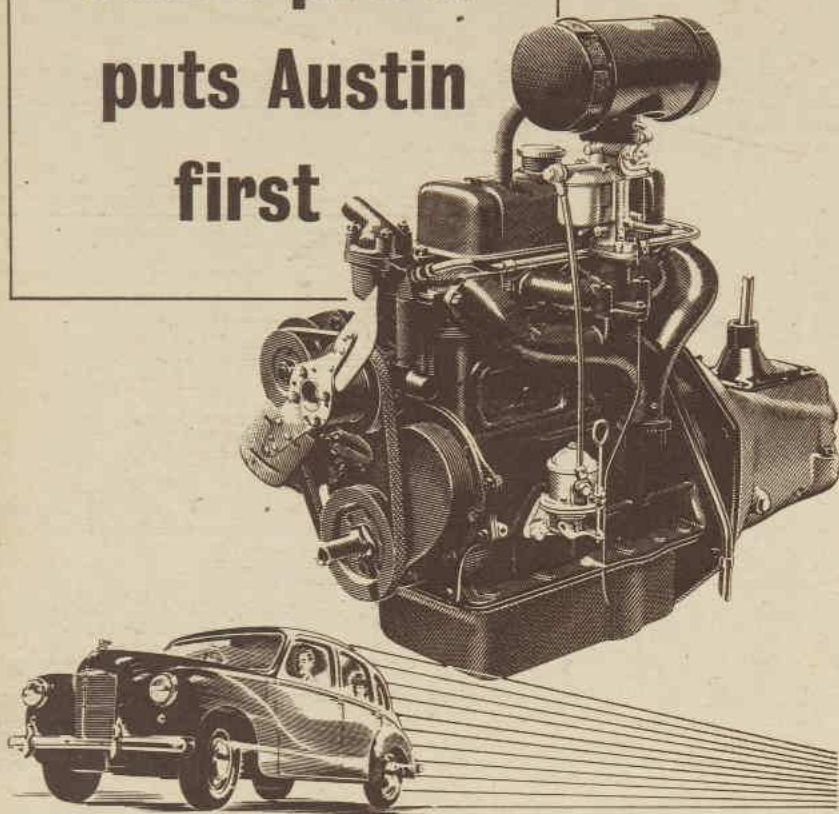
INTERIOR DESIGNER Mary Slade works at her board designing comfortable seats for use in the Outpatients' Department. Miss Slade is mainly responsible for the subtle color scheme in the department.



STREAMLINED EXAMINATION ROOM where doctors and nursing staff can work with maximum efficiency and ease has soundproof walls and ceiling and ultra-modern lights. Examination room opens on to gallery so that doctors can walk out and talk to waiting patients if necessary.



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## STIR IN LONDON OVER NEW NOVEL

From ANNE MATHESON in London

"Operation Heartbreak," our new serial by brilliant British author and politician Sir Duff Cooper, which starts next week, is the most provocative and unexpected novel of the current publishing season.

Because Duff Cooper must know most of the secrets of the war the question is being asked in England: "Is the story, with its climax of an extraordinary secret service trick against the Nazis, founded on fact?"

IN it the author captures the one-mindedness of a soldier whose only ambition—to see active service in the two world wars—was not realised until after his death.

Former diplomat, World War I soldier, Cabinet Minister, journalist, and man of letters, Sir Alfred Duff Cooper, P.C., G.C.M.G., D.S.O., is the nephew of a duke, married to a duke's daughter.

Born in 1890, he is the son of a sister of the Duke of Fife, who married a Princess Royal.

His father was a Cooper, his mother Lady Agnes Duff. He was christened Alfred Duff Cooper, but the Alfred faded, and he was called Duff. Then came a title, and the Alfred disappeared forever. It is as Sir Duff Cooper, succinct and unmistakable, that he is known to all the world.

Sir Duff Cooper started with the kind of background which made him, in the eyes of the average Tory, "safe material"—Eton, Oxford, Grenadier Guards, the Foreign Office, Parliament, and then Cabinet rank.

As Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and British Ambassador to Paris, he has moved in the highest social circles, and is classed as a "gentleman" in the full Conservative sense of the word.

Yet Duff, as he is known familiarly, has failed to fulfil the great career foreshadowed for him, and history may remember him as an eminent man of letters, and one who twice touched the stars.

Twice his love of country has triumphed over high personal ambition.

When he came down from Oxford, where his brilliance had impressed everyone, he went into the Foreign Office. He belonged to a set which was distinguished by its high spirits and lofty intellectual superiority.

When World War I broke out Duff resigned from the Foreign Office to join up, though he was warned that if he did so his career would be ended.

A poor recruit who couldn't form fours or slope arms without making a mistake, always in trouble with his sergeant, he finally got away to France, where he won the D.S.O. for capturing single-handed two machine-guns and eight gunners.

Sir Duff Cooper is a small man with a big forehead, bright, direct blues eyes, a hooked nose, and brushed-back hair. He has small hands which he digs deep into his trouser pockets in moments of crisis. There have been many moments of crisis in his career.

Another time he put country before ambition was when he resigned as First Sea Lord because he could not agree with Chamberlain's ap-

peasement policy. Duff Cooper had then done a big job in mobilising the British fleet, and was in a position he had worked for and coveted all his life.

Duff Cooper married Lady Diana Manners when he was back at the Foreign Office after the 1914-18 war. Her dazzling beauty, wit, and talent had made her the most sought-after girl in all England, and the favorite of portrait painters.

Few approved of her marriage to Duff Cooper, who was regarded as a young man without ambition or money. Her mother, the Duchess of Rutland, kept the whole house awake with her sobs the night before the wedding.

The Duff Coopers' long, happy marriage has proved how wrong were those who objected to the match.

For all her beauty and talent as an actress Lady Diana is essentially practical, while her husband is not.



SIR DUFF COOPER

Her sound commonsense and organising ability have helped Duff to make a fine career and living.

Her theatrical earnings meant that her husband could devote himself to politics and his writing.

"Operation Heartbreak" is Duff Cooper's first novel, written at the age of 60, but he is an historical writer and biographer of note.

In 1924 Duff Cooper went into Parliament. While still under 50 he became Secretary of State for War, then First Lord of the Admiralty.

He was recalled by Churchill in 1940 and became the "handy man" in Churchill's Government.

He then went to the Ministry of Information, but did not stay there long.

"Cooper's snoopers," the much-criticised door-to-door inquirers on "How is your morale?" were initiated by Duff.

He left the Ministry to be Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Later he went to Singapore on a special Cabinet mission.

Eventually Duff became the last of the Conservative Ambassadors to Paris.

When the Duff Coopers arrived in Paris to take up residence at the British Embassy Parisiennes left their workshops, offices, cafes, and shops to line the streets and cheer. Their farewell reception when retiring from the Paris Embassy was the most brilliant since the war.

The Duff Coopers now have a chateau at Chantilly, France, where Lady Diana breeds pedigreed stock. Duff's present "job" is as salesman for a British film company in France.

Duff is a friend of film-producer Sir Alexander Korda, and at one time was Korda's representative in Paris. His book "Operation Heartbreak" will almost certainly be made into a movie.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 13, 1951



# Airline crews are used to late holiday breaks

Those who missed Christmas at home relax while others work

By SHEILA PATRICK, staff reporter

Many of the men who fly the big four-engined commercial passenger planes on overseas routes are now taking belated Christmas and New Year holidays.

Throughout the year air crews who go to and from England, America, and the Far East work 15-to-17-day shifts followed by similar periods off duty.

THOSE whose "rest periods" did not coincide with gazetted public holidays are now, having a long loaf in the sun while other people are attempting to knuckle-down to work.

Trying to discover what airline pilots usually do in their spare time is like trying to find out where the flies go in the winter time.

A few told me that they did nothing but sit in the sun and sleep. I found three who run a lingerie business. Unfortunately they refused to be interviewed. They said that they would never live it down if the passengers knew they sold ladies' underwear.

Handsome Harry Mills, who flies a D.C.6 to San Francisco, runs a holiday resort on Bribie Island, in Moreton Bay, Queensland, as a sideline to his regular job.

Captain Mills lives at Hunter's Hill, New South Wales, with his wife and two-year-old daughter. Go-serie, while stationed in Sydney.

"When I come off duty I fly up to Brisbane to see how my holiday place is getting along," said Captain Mills. "I have erected some old Army huts up there to accommodate the guests. My manager looks after the place while I am away."

Ted Ditton, of Roseville, New South Wales, skipper of a D.C.6, manages to look an efficient flying man in uniform and a dreamy writer in civilian clothes.

"In my three weeks off between jobs I am nearly always busy writing," he told me. "It is a wonderful outlet for my feelings."

Ted says he works out many knotty problems by putting them into his novels and short stories.

He has written two novels. One is called "Music In Her Ears," and the other is untitled.

"None of my work has been published," Ted said. "Even if I never get a thing published the relaxation of writing is sufficient reward."

Until recently Captain Nick Guthrie, the glamor boy of B.C.P.A., was a bachelor. He lived in a bachelor flat at King's Cross, Sydney, and when not flying spent his time speeding about in his racy 2½-litre Riley.

But all this is past. Nick married pretty air hostess Gloria Mott in Melbourne last October.

"I used to be too lazy even to wash my car," he told me. "I'd tinker with the engine for hours, but I'd never clean the outside."

Whether he likes it or not, pilot Dick Lucas, who also flies for B.C.P.A., mostly to San Francisco, spends his three weeks' rest period landscape gardening.

Dick's new home on the heights of Castlecrag, New South Wales, now gives him plenty of scope. Rocks, hills, grassy patches, and steep miniature ravines make it a landscape gardener's paradise.

Captain Bruce Dixon, of Cronulla, New South Wales, is an orchid specialist. He has a wonderful collection of orchid blooms in his glass and hot houses. Bruce and his brother Ron built the houses from fly-wire dipped in liquid plastic.

Bruce has been an orchid fancier for about five years. "My brother Ron took to orchid growing first and I caught the craze from him," he said.

Good-looking Clive Johnston, of Rose Bay, New South Wales, who flies for Qantas, became fed-up with missing symphony concerts while away on trips, decided to have his own music.

Clive built a wide-range double disc microgroove gramophone. This type of pick-up is the rage now in England and the U.S. It plays special records in slow gear. Each side takes about 20 minutes to play.



PILOT of a D.C.6 on the Sydney-San Francisco run, Captain Harry Mills runs a holiday resort in his spare time. Captain Mills started his flying career 17 years ago with a flying circus in outback Queensland districts.

A full symphony can be recorded on one disc.

"I have always wanted to be a conductor," said Clive. "Now I can get rid of my inhibition by pulling down the blinds and conducting some of the finest orchestras in the world in my own room."

Clive buys his microgroove records in America.

Captain Neville Hemsworth is a dairy farmer when not behind the controls of his D.C.6. He cultivates about 120 acres near Camden, New South Wales.

"I find farming wonderful relaxation after flying," he said. "I hope to move there permanently when I get the house in order."

Neville's brother Hugh, who flies for Qantas, will have nothing to do with farming. His hobby is fast cars. He has owned in swift succession an MG, a Riley, and now is driving a speedy Austin Sports A90.



RECENTLY MARRIED Captain Nick Guthrie and his wife, former air hostess Gloria Mott, who live at King's Cross, New South Wales, spent their honeymoon touring in Captain Guthrie's Riley. Cars and speed are Captain Guthrie's hobby.



LANDSCAPE GARDENING is relaxation for pilot Dick Lucas, from Castlecrag, New South Wales. He says he has lost nearly a stone in weight since he started beautifying the grounds of his home.



GROWING ORCHIDS is the off-duty occupation of Captain Bruce Dixon, of Cronulla, New South Wales. Captain Dixon grows his orchids from seed. He germinates the seed in agar jelly. Mrs. Dixon looks after the orchids while Bruce is flying, calls job "minding the babies."



COLLECTING RECORDS satisfies pilot Clive Johnston's passion for serious music. Clive has a large collection of microgroove discs in his Rose Bay, N.S.W., home, which are so sensitive one can even hear a flautist taking a breath.



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**KNOCKS DOWN!** Don't let buzzing insects spoil your sleep. Knock them down with **NUMBER 13**. Then spray bedroom walls to keep on killing for weeks.



**KEEPS ON KILLING FOR WEEKS!**

Spray surfaces once a month. Paint window-sills and ledges. Every insect dies that even touches for a single second.

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In the big, purple container with sprinkler top.



**NUMBER 13**

**COCKROACH KILLER**

Spray! You watch them touch, stagger and die.



**NUMBER 13**

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**KNOCKS DOWN—AND KEEPS ON KILLING FOR WEEKS!**

# Taylor's NUMBER 13

## INSECT SPRAY

IN 8 oz. BOTTLES AND ALSO THE FAMILY ECONOMY SIZE—A FULL PINT TO LAST ALL SUMMER



AT ALL STORES  
ABSOLUTELY  
EVERYWHERE!





WOUNDED SOLDIERS. Ptes. Keith McKenna and Dennis O'Brien, of Melbourne, have noughts and crosses game on plaster cast. Just home from Korea, they are full of praise for officers and men still fighting in Australian force; mention Duntroon graduates Lieuts. Johnson and Charlesworth as outstanding leaders.

## Korean war bitter, tough, say wounded

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN,  
staff reporter

In the midst of the festive holiday season a small band of men arrived in Australia on an overseas plane. They were met quietly by relatives and Army medical authorities.

One man could give his relatives only a silent greeting. A head injury has paralysed him and deprived him of his speech.

**O**THERS were luckier. They could forget wounded limbs, strained hearts, and shrapnel-injured eyes in their vociferous joy at being home.

The men were the largest batch of wounded to have returned from Korea.

There was 40-year-old Sergeant Tony Moreno, of Balgowlah, N.S.W., who fought in the last war but thinks this one "much tougher because the bitter climate and hilly terrain of Korea are just as vicious as the enemy."

When they lifted the sergeant out of his foxhole on November 22 last he was almost frozen. The temperature was 16 below. During

the night his heart, strained by carrying heavy Vickers gun equipment up and down hills, had caused him to collapse.

Back in Australia with his wife and little daughter, Sergeant Moreno wishes Australians would realise fully the unhappy state of the Pacific, the enormous number of Chinese Communists, and the danger to Australia of the long-range bomber.

Last Guy Fawkes Day was unfortunate for some of the men, who were wounded when their company was surrounded at Pokchon on the Chon Chon River.

Pte. Ray Chilcott, of Brisbane, "ran into a mortar bomb when the lead was hot and the weather



LEAVING HOSPITAL. Pte. Ernie Oliver, of Wollongong, N.S.W., and Sgt. Tony Moreno, of Sydney, say farewell before going on leave. After operation on his eye Ernie will go to a "nice Army job at Ingleburn Camp."

mighty cold"; Pte. Eric Weber, of Adelaide, was hit on the leg with a mortar; Pte. Keith McKenna, of Melbourne, "got a slug in the leg"; and Pte. Dennis O'Brien, of Melbourne, collected a bullet in the shoulder.

"My wound hurts a bit more each time I remember that the bullet probably came from a gun originally supplied by America to Chinese Nationalist troops," said Dennis O'Brien.

"Chinese Communists captured American weapons from the Nationalists and are using them, with brand-new Russian equipment, against the United Nations forces."

Pte. Ernie Oliver, of Wollongong, N.S.W., lost the sight of his left eye when "a grenade burst too close to me during a big blur outside Pyongyang in October."

The men feel that most Australians are indifferent about the war, but are grateful to the Returned Soldiers' League and the Australian and American Red Cross for comforts they received.

Most of all they are grateful for the leadership of many young Duntroon officers who are still in the fighting line.

The United Nations forces have evolved their own Korean slang. North Koreans were called "nok-kies" at first. Later the term became "noggies." All Koreans, both north and south, are called "gooks."

## Quest for cover girl

The Australian Women's Weekly has launched a quest for color photographs of lovely girls suitable to appear on the cover.

**W**E have invited leading studio photographers to submit color photographs for the quest.

Cover girls and successful photographers will receive payment of £50 each.

The idea of looking for undiscovered beauties who would make ideal cover girls arose from the success of the picture on this week's cover of 18-year-old Barbara Need, of Penshurst, N.S.W.

Elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Need, Barbara is a charming brunette with a clear complexion. She intends to take an Arts course

at Sydney University this year. Barbara modelled professionally for the first time when she posed for this picture.

Since then she has had other paid modelling assignments.

Anyone—professional or amateur photographer—can submit a photograph for the quest, but it must be a first-class color transparency, absolutely sharp and of perfect color clarity. Size must be quarter-plate or larger. Thirty-five millimetre pictures cannot be considered.

The girl whose photograph is submitted must never have earned money as a mannequin or model or on stage or screen.



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### A sensible suggestion

Recently I called on the manager of our local branch of the Bank of New South Wales, and arranged to open my own account. My husband thought it would be a good idea if I were able to pay the doctor, the dentist, the butcher and the baker, and all other household bills without having to keep money in the home. So now I make all payments by cheque. And if I have financial problems I seek the friendly advice of the "Wales" manager.

You, too, should consult and use—

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FIRST BANK IN AUSTRALIA

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"Dri-Glo" are famous for their wonderfully luxurious bath towels. And now they are making the softest naps for baby. Only the finest super-quality cotton—beautifully bleached and one hundred per cent. hygienic—goes into these "Dri-Glo" baby naps. They are ready for instant use.

And they're so super-soft

and cushiony, so highly absorbent, they protect baby against all changes of climate.

Knowing how many times they have to be washed, we make our "Dri-Glo" naps in extra-strong double-war yarn, with a special non-fray edge that won't go "raggy" with washing. That's why "Dri-Glo" outlast any other naps for wear.

"Dri-Glo" also make special super-soft nursery towels for baby.

AVAILABLE AT STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

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## GEORGE

had travelled the long road from choir-boy soprano to glee-club baritone, from a stripling only imperfectly acquainted with his native tongue to a polished linguist who could toss off with ease such words as "smorgasbord," "lingerie," "patio," and "gesundheit."

Letitia soon learned that time was the most important thing in George's young life. More than once, recovering from a highly adequate good-bye kiss, she had surprised George in the act of sneaking a glance at his watch.

And then, one Saturday noon, one bright, sunny, never-to-be-forgotten Saturday noon, George led Letitia into a certain side street, not too far off Fifth Avenue, and stopped in front of a small jewellery shop. "Letitia," he said, "Letitia, I've got something to tell you—"

"Yes, George," Letitia said. "Letitia—it's happened. I'm an announcer, beginning to-night. I take the two o'clock station break."

"Why, George! How wonderful!" "And that's why I brought you here," George said. "I wanted you to help pick it out."

Letitia demurely breathed another "Yes, George," and was wafted into the little jewellery shop on a small, invisible, scented cloud.

"Well, here I am again," George said to the clerk.

The salesman reached under the counter and brought up a small box, which he laid in front of George. George opened the box, beaming as he did so, and took out an unmistakably masculine wrist-watch.

The cloud disappeared, dropping Letitia with a bump.

"—and the beauty of this model is," George was saying, as Letitia began to recover from the bump, "it's a regular watch and a stop watch together, and the stop-watch part starts and stops without going back to zero, so that if you were timing a rehearsal, for instance, and there was an interruption—you see how handy it would be?"

"I certainly do," Letitia assured him feebly.

George drew the strap a notch tighter on his wrist, took out his wallet, and counted out enough money to pay two months' rent on the flower shop. "And now," said George, "let's celebrate!"

At lunch—and again George laid out five dollars on two one-dollar table d'hôtes—he held Letitia spell-bound as he told her about the uses of a stop watch in his chosen profession.

"You see, a radio show has to be twenty-nine minutes and thirty seconds long. No more, no less. So we time the show at rehearsal, see? And all through the script we mark the times, by quarter-minutes. For instance, suppose an actor comes to a certain line, and according to the timing at rehearsal he read that line six and three-quarter minutes after we started. Well, we're on the air, and he reaches the line six and a half minutes after we start. Well, the producer gives the announcer a signal from the booth, and the announcer passes the signal along to the actors—Slow it up."

With the forefinger and thumb of each hand, George made a series of motions not unlike pulling a very tiny piece of taffy. "Or say they're going too slow—say it's seven minutes when they reach that line. Well, then the producer gives the signal

## The Sunny Hours

Continued from page 5

to speed up." George rotated one forefinger in a small, clockwise circle. "It's got to come out right on the nose," he concluded. "It's got to."

"So it's the producer who runs the show," Letitia said, perhaps a trifle spitefully. "When do you get to be a producer, George?"

"A producer—Why, there isn't one announcer in fifty gets to be a producer, Letitia," George said. "Why, if I were a producer, with my own show, and a sponsor, why I'd be—"

George was about to say that he could, with more than a clear conscience, get married; and he was about to mention the girl to whom, under these happy circumstances, he would like to get married. But Letitia put down her coffee cup and extinguished her cigarette. "I have to be getting back to the shop, George," she said. George decided that things must be going badly at the shop. Letitia had actually forgotten to wish him good luck on his debut.

Nevertheless, the debut went well. And Letitia remembered it, after all, because when he arrived back at the station at 1.45, after a nerve-steadying movie and a cup of coffee, there was a potted plant, and tied to it a note, with Letitia's handwriting on the envelope—George's name and the words, "Don't open until you're off the air."

At 1.59.30 (EST), the engineer in the soundproof booth fingered a button.

OUT in the studio, near the microphone where George stood waiting with his script in his hand, a green light on a wall panel lit up.

"This," said George, "is Station WXYZ, key station of the Colossal Broadcasting Company." He smiled as he said it, not because there was anything to smile at or anybody to see the smile, but because it is believed in radio circles that a smile on the face somehow makes itself heard in the voice. That was all, but it was a little gem, a flawless performance.

Sitting at a table in a corner of the vacant studio, at the witching hour of 2.02.13 (EST, of course), George opened the wrapping of the potted plant. A geranium. He turned to the note.

"Dear George," it said. "I hope you aren't opening this before you go on the air, because I don't want to upset you before you do your first announcing job. I do believe you'll be upset, because I do believe you care about me. George, look at this geranium."

George put down the letter and looked narrowly at the geranium. It told him nothing.

He returned to the letter: "This geranium didn't grow by a stop watch, George. It didn't have to meet a deadline. No sponsor stood over it with a stop watch while it blossomed. The only thing that matters to this geranium, George, is the sunny hours. It's a healthy, happy plant because it's been in the sunlight a lot. That's the way I am, George, and that's why I'm saying good-bye, George."

George took the geranium, and his new unhappiness, to an all-night cafeteria near the station. There, as his cup of coffee grew cold and the

geranium drooped, George brooded.

Several times he spoke. "But look—" he said to the geranium. The geranium regarded him with superb, leafy indifference. "A man's work," he began. No answer from the geranium. George poured some of his coffee into its pot. "Take that," he snarled. "We can't all live in the sunlight. The sunny hours! Ha!"

Suddenly an idea dawned on him. He sat and thought, "I'll transplant you in the best soil money can buy," he told the geranium. "Plant food! Nothing's too good! You'll see!"

You are not to suppose that Letitia, during the week that followed her parting with George, was anything but miserable. There came a morning when she said to herself, "I can't go on like this. Whoever calls up, I'll go out with him."

The telephone rang, as if it had been waiting for the cue. George said, "Letitia?"

"Yes," said Letitia. "Have you got a radio handy?"

"Yes, but—" "I'm here in the booth," George's voice said. "The show you're going to hear—I'm producing it."

The radio, warming up, began to speak: "... new programme, 'The Sunny Hour.' Our commentator is the well-known and well-loved—"

Letitia missed the name, because George's exultant voice was saying, "... knew he was looking for a show, had a sponsor lined up and everything, and he just ate it up."

"... sit back, relax, and let time go by for a few minutes," a rich, happy, masculine voice was saying on the radio.

"You know, we all hurry too much. We're all the slaves of watches and clocks. I was walking in the park this morning, looking at those flowers. No, sir! All those flowers cared about was the sunshine—they live for the sunny hours."

"The sunny hours, folks! Those are the important hours in life. So every morning now, through the courtesy of Beckman's Bubble Gum, the gum that is on everyone's lips, we're going to bring you a quarter hour of complete relaxation. No worries, no schemes, nothing but sunshine and rest. Now I'll play a little record that—"

"It's all your idea," George said, on the telephone. "I'll pay you a fair royalty, of course. O.K.?"

"O.K., George." "Listen; hop into a cab and get over here—the agency man has the papers for you to sign. And bring along another geranium; will you? That is, if you love me."

"I'll bring the geranium, George," Letitia's voice said, a little breathlessly. She hung up.

"... and stop worrying about what time it is. Let's be late for a few appointments to-day. Let's stop to watch the shadow of a cloud on a meadow, or the smile on the face of a little child..."

George glanced at the script before him, then at his watch. Catching the eye of the man in the studio, he made a small, clockwise circle with his right forefinger. The man spoke the tiniest bit faster: "Take it easy—there's no hurry, folks. Be like the flowers and live for the sunny hours. And now, a word from our sponsor."

(Copyright)

### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM







ONE CORNER of artist Stanley Parker's room at Oxford. The room is filled with bizarre art treasures and souvenirs. The divan at the left has supper and coffee tables in front. The mural, which he calls "Gilo," is a cut-out, has feathers on its head, and a stuffed parrot sitting on the outstretched hand.

## Fantasia In A Flat

By STANLEY PARKER

IT had been a bicycle store-room, this room in a 16th century building in Broad Street, Oxford, just opposite the cross where the martyrs Ridley and Latimer were burnt.

When I first saw it in 1945 it was hideous with bottle-green paint and curry-colored walls, but there were possibilities.

One stepped down into it—one could have a tiny marble staircase. There was an irregular corner—that could be converted into a cocktail bar. There was an alcove—that could be one huge divan.

At the back the windows looked on to a beautiful remnant of the city wall built in the 13th century.

At first I made the whole room off-white, for I had had an "Ivory Tower" in Oxford for many years and all my furniture was white and gold. The divan and curtains were of velvet, the color of black grapes. It looked exquisite but cold, macabre almost, with its many candelabra and china lilies.

Then I spent a week in Paris. I came back with a new slant. The war was over, frivolity the keyword.

I painted my ceiling a peculiarly Parisian color, a cross between rose-madder and shocking-pink. I gave it a canopy effect with swathes of the color falling on to the walls, edged with painted gold fringe. I put "barbers' poles" of white and gold in each corner, supported by little blackamoors in Regency costume.

I took out all my treasures, my souvenirs—the last shoe that Pavlova wore as "The Swan," a cigarette-holder that had belonged to Andre Gide, a sequin fan of Mae West's—and put them in a cabinet lit with fairy lights.

I filled the whole place with glitter, chandeliers, witch balls, lustre humming-birds with spun-glass tails. Nothing, I decided, could be too outre, too unexpected.

On the supper table I had some Jean Cocteau hands rising from a sea of gauze and holding a bowl of roses and ospreys; above the divan a mask of a royal stag, shot in Scotland, with a crown, gilded points, false eyelashes, and a rose in its mouth.

Concealing the radiogram in a cupboard on the landing, I arranged the amplifier so that the studio's theme song, "La Vie En Rose," and the rest of the music should issue through the lips of a Negro mask.

By arranging blue floodlights outside, I made sure that there would always be moonlight to show up the city wall and stream across my saffron-stained floor.

I put incense burners under some loose floorboards, so that a strange, swirling mist should make the room more dream-like still, and, with the aid of a concealed electric fan, I made it possible at the touch of a switch for the room to rain sequins.

Then, when I had ordered the gold-tipped cigarettes, the crystallised fruit and flowers, the drinks that, tinted with creme-de-menthe, absinthe, and creme-de-violette, should look as beautiful as they tasted, I sat down and wrote the invitations to the "House Warming" with a diamond pencil on sheets of colored mirror.

Dorothy Dickson came as Helen of Troy: "I launched this room," she wrote with the diamond on the window-pane.

"And I wrecked it," wrote Ernest Thesiger, who had come as Voltaire.

"One more drink and I'll go up in flames!" wrote Francis Sullivan, who was dressed as Nero.

Many famous people have been in the room since then—the Dean of Canterbury, Clare Luce, Lord Beveridge, Hermione Baddeley, Terence Rattigan, Lord Pakenham, Sir Eddie Marsh, Lady Moira Combe, Lord David Cecil, J. B. Priestley, Father Martin D'Arcy. Each has written something: "To sleep, perchance to dream . . ." over the divan; "If music be the food of love, play on" over the piano; and, over the desk, "Work is the curse of the drinking classes."

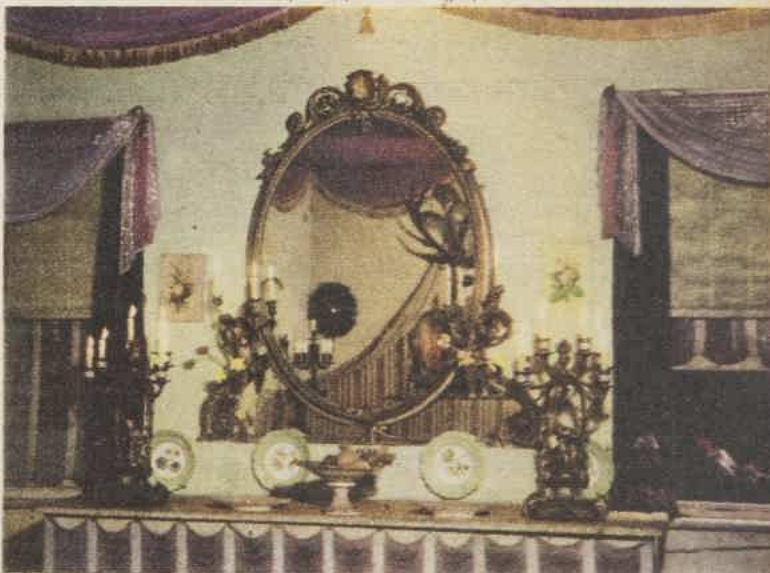
But the comment I value most is that of an old man who came in one day. "Hmmm," he said. "You've got it quite homelike, haven't you?"



COCKTAIL BAR is semi-circular with a white-and-gold pillar, which has a black-and-gold base. The bar is lined with books, many of them first editions, others presentation copies of books about Oxford. Pink glass drinking mugs hang from the corner cabinet. Stanley Parker mixes tinted drinks to suit the decor of the room.



WRITING-DESK with wall brackets of rose crystal at each side. Other wall decorations are early Victorian color prints of fruit. Above hangs the drawing which is Stanley Parker's favorite among his own work. It is called "Daydreams," features actress Frances Day. Parker has become famous for his drawings of celebrities.



BUFFET TABLE showing candlesticks of ormolu and porcelain studded with semi-precious stones. The dessert plates once belonged to Melba. The French mirror is hung with Venetian glass flower baskets. The window festoons of beaten silver are from Ceylon. Outside the windows Stanley Parker has arranged blue floodlights to give the effect of moonlight.



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## BOOK REVIEW

by AINSIE BAKER

Devotees of the suave and amusing brand of mystery story made so exclusively their own by Margery Allingham and Ngaio Marsh will welcome with high glee Josephine Tey's newest thriller.

TO LOVE AND  
BE WISE

By Josephine Tey

IN it she proves herself to be mistress of the airy touch and delectation of those extravagances of character which have made the aforementioned ladies top-sellers in their class.

"To Love and Be Wise" opens with Detective-Inspector Grant of Scotland Yard calling for the fascinating old Vic actress Marta Hallard at a cocktail party given to celebrate the publication of Lavinia Fitch's twenty-first book.

Before Grant can pry Marta loose from her admirers he is waylaid by a singularly handsome young man, Leslie Searle, who asks him to point out the guest of honor.

This presents no difficulties, Miss Fitch being described as having bought herself a new hat for the occasion, but having done nothing to accommodate it.

"The hat perched on her bird's nest of ginger hair as if it had been dropped there from an upper window as she walked along the street. She was wearing her normal expression of pleased bewilderment and no make-up."

Introduced to Lavinia, Searle says he shared with her nephew, Walter Whitmore, friendship with a news photographer, now dead.

She asks him to drive back with her to Salscott St. Mary, where her sister, Mrs. Garrowby, Liz Garrowby (her secretary and Walter's fiancée), and Walter live with her.

Grant gives no further thought to the good-looking stranger until some weeks later when he is sent down to search for his body.

Leslie had been an immediate success with Walter, whose weekly B.B.C. talks of rustic charm made him a "Household Word Throughout the British Isles," but whose less respectful listeners called him Bunny-Boy.

The only member of the household who failed to fall under the stranger's spell was Mrs. Garrowby, who saw him as a potential danger to Liz's marriage to Walter.

"It must be very useful to have someone dead when you want to be introduced to a family," Mrs. Garrowby said cryptically to Lavinia, referring to Searle's and Walter's mutual friendship with the dead photographer.

Salscott St. Mary is described by Liz to Searle as "a once beautiful English village now occupied territory ... by what the remaining natives call 'they artist folk.'"

Most of these developed good reasons for wanting the charming and

too attractive Leslie Searle out of the way.

There was Toby Tullis, the successful playwright, who was mortally offended when his fading charm failed to work on Lavinia's guest.

Toby's interest in Searle had won Searle the deadly enmity of the former ballet dancer Serge Ratoff, a discarded favorite of Toby's, who is as ever hopeful of a return to his patron's favor.

As well there was Marta Hallard, whose purchase of the Mill House actually began the "enemy occupation" of the village.

Suspects included all degrees of talent, Liz further explained, "from Silas Weekley, who writes those dark novels of country life, all steaming manure and slashing rain, to Miss Easton-Dixon, who writes a fairy-tale book once a year for the Christmas trade."

"Her ingrained desire was not to create but to transform. No plain surface was safe against Miss Easton-Dixon. She would take a cold cream jar and reduce its functional simplicity to a nightmare of mock-Meissen," Miss Tey writes.

It was in fact Miss Easton-Dixon, also an authority on Hollywood, through weekly picture-going at the converted hall of the Followers of Moses, who first identified Searle as the famous photographer of film stars and the world's great.

Before Walter fully realised that Searle was endangering his place in Liz's affections he arranged with Searle to collaborate with him on a book on a journey by canoe down the local Orfordshire river.

The fifth night of their trip brought them within walking distance of Salscott St. Mary, and the two canoeists walked across the fields to the village inn.

There they publicly quarrelled. Searle left first, was never seen again.

This brings us to Salscott Detective-Inspector Grant.

Not only the theory of murder, but those of suicide, a practical joke, amnesia, and abduction are all given consideration before Searle's disappearance is explained.

Grant is one of fiction's most pleasant and convincing detective-inspectors, and—until the last chapter—"To Love and Be Wise" is a complete delight to the light mystery addict.

In the last chapter Miss Tey propounds a solution whose silliness can be only partly redeemed by the preceding 236 pages of most agreeable reading.

"To Love and Be Wise" is published by Peter Davies, London. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

## Editorial

JANUARY 13, 1951

### MADE BY HAND

OLD furniture, apart from antiques which are obviously collectors' pieces, now enjoys tremendous popularity, many preferring it to the brand-new products of modern factories.

Furnishings which most middle-aged people remember in their grandmothers' homes have an appeal which would astonish the former owners.

The housewife of 1950 would not part with her streamlined kitchen cupboards, but they do seem chilly as heirlooms in comparison with grandma's old oak dresser or cedar tables.

Silversmiths who made hand-wrought teaspoons in the old apostle design must have derived more satisfaction from the job than the modern operators, who stamp them out in metal and plastic for the chain stores.

Rising standards of living, which have called for more comfort for more people, have made mass production necessary, and it is an inescapable feature of the modern economic structure.

Yet mass production must take from any article the individuality that a craftsman's hands give to it.

This lack combined with high prices has caused people to turn to handicrafts. Women as well as men enrol eagerly for carpentry classes, for pottery, weaving, metal, and leatherwork lessons.

Once more they are making their own household treasures.

It is likely that these things will be cherished in the homes of their descendants, or sold in antique shops 50 years hence, rather than quaint old pressure cookers or electric blankets.

By GUS

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

YES—I'M A BIG MAN IN OUR FIRM



CAME UP THE HARD WAY TOO



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Enjoy radio wherever you go with an A.W.A. Radiola portable.

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HAZEL



BUTCH



## It seems to me....

AN elderly visitor from the  
country, who arrived in  
Sydney on a very hot day,  
couldn't get over what he  
described as the extraordinary  
number of absent-minded  
professors' wives in the street.

The profusion of bare shoulders  
fairly rocked him. He could stand  
the ones with straps with no more  
than a quiver, but the sight of a pair  
of opulent, uncovered shoulders ris-  
ing above a lunch table at a fashion-  
able restaurant quite took his mind  
off his food. Assured that the dress  
started round about the level of the  
tablecloth, he returned to toying with  
his salad, shaking his head at in-  
tervals.

To the reminder that beauties of  
Victorian days left a surprising acreage uncovered at  
the top of their gowns he muttered that candle and gas  
light was not so strong as broad daylight.

Only when he saw a pretty young bare-shouldered  
mother wheeling a pram and carrying a laden string  
bag did he concede that the fashion had evidently gone  
so far among the respectable classes that he might as  
well become accustomed to it.

TO-DAY the schoolgirls and schoolboys who  
take jobs during their summer holidays  
have a better chance than formerly to study  
the realities of earning a living.

Some boys and girls when they leave school will still  
slip into the dead-end job, either because of economic  
necessity or fecklessness. But others will have learned  
that work occupies the major part of energy and time  
and that it's worthwhile to look for a congenial occu-  
pation—because a congenial occupation is half-way to  
happiness in life.

WHEN I was at school, holiday jobs weren't  
the vogue. Jobs were scarcer then, but  
the price of bottles and old newspapers was  
higher, and that was the way most children  
augmented the holiday pocket money.

One of the greatest triumphs of my childhood was  
selling some bantams which had to be sold or given  
away before the family holiday, as they couldn't be  
left without care.

Nobody expected that I'd have the necessary temerity  
to sell the fowls, but I'd been told I could have the  
proceeds.

It is wonderful what courage the lure of money will  
give the most unsalesmanlike character, and dispose of  
them I did.

I still regard my approach to the local cafe proprietor,  
mild man though he was, as one of the most valiant  
actions of my career.

Always in the cricket season  
(I know it's little short of treason)  
I cannot raise the proper passion  
To be in the prevailing fashion,  
And have much trouble in concealing  
My lack of true and fervent feeling.  
I wish I had the right expression  
Of wild elation or depression  
When being told the latest thriller  
In strokes by Compton, Hutton, Miller.  
And when I saw the headlines scream  
The news of "Latest shocks in team"  
I wish that I were really shocked  
Or even mildly, faintly rocked.

By



Dorothy Dean

IT'S a queer world—a state-  
ment I seem to have heard  
before—and you can reflect  
on it any day of the week.

Side by side with the news that  
there's a nice new cheap device to  
test your exposure to atomic radia-  
tion is the announcement that an  
American firm of opticians has in-  
vented special glasses to reduce eye-  
strain in television.

You sometimes wonder when you  
read of the preparations for war, of  
the construction and renovation of  
air-raid shelters all over the world,  
how anyone has the heart to go on  
with any other activities at all.

I was sounding off gloomily along  
those lines the other day, making  
a few predictions of the kind which

have earned me the name of "Calamity" among  
acquaintances, when someone pointed out to me: "But  
if you really thought that way you would immediately  
stop doing anything that had a bearing on the future,  
sell all you had, and spend the proceeds on riotous  
living."

That's true enough. We keep our gloomiest anticipa-  
tions of the fate of the world and our personal problems  
in separate compartments of the mind for as long as  
possible, or at least all normally balanced people do.

If we didn't, we should all be neurotics, and mankind  
would not have survived as long as this.

THE influx of migrants has caused an out-  
break of formerly uncommon foreign  
delicacies on sale in big city food shops.

One Sydney store was showing snails from Bur-  
gundy recently at 8/11 a tin. They were displayed with  
shells, presumably for serving, beside them.

Of course, if you wanted to be economical you  
could save your own shells from the garden after the  
snail bait had done its work.

Home gardeners, impressed by the quantity of the  
pests in their rockeries, may be inspired by the idea  
of breeding table snails. As a warning, it is only fair to  
mention that the Burgundian imports were moving  
rather slowly—like a snail, in fact.

FOR several minutes I have been searching  
for a suitable comment on the reported  
statement by film star Yvonne de Carlo: "I  
sure wish I had been born an ugly duckling."

Miss De Carlo, who is widely publicised as "the  
most beautiful woman in the world," complained that  
plain actresses got all the best roles.

"Oh yeah!" hackneyed though it is, seems the only  
adequate remark.

THREE members of the Chinese Communist  
delegation bought 70 dollars' worth of  
books in New York. They included a number  
on atomic energy and one on etiquette.

Though the world may be crumbling and quaking  
And we set it on fire with our talks,  
Whatever mistakes we are making  
Let us make no mistakes with our forks.  
Whether mankind or war be abolished—  
A choice that's beginning to press—  
At least we'll be urbane and polished  
And know the right mode of address.  
Though they found us, as delegates, trying,  
And questioned our notions of right,  
Let 'em say, if they like, we were spying,  
But admit we were always polite.





**HOSPITABLE.** Carol Forbes and her brother Pat always have a welcoming smile at their seaside home at Terrigal. Together with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Forbes, of Neutral Bay, Carol and Pat fill house to overflowing.



**SANDCASTLES BY THE SEA.** Mrs. Mick Fairfax, of Merriwa, has morning on the beach at Terrigal with her three children, Diana (left), Dymphna, and Prudence. Mick and Sue are Terrigal regulars and come down from their property, "Tarnuk," each summer for a couple of months.

## On the beach at Terrigal

**CONTROVERSY** between merits of Terrigal and Palm Beach seem to have reached the same pitch as the Sydney versus Melbourne wrangle. Regulars at each resort strongly put forward their reasons why their favorite holiday resort is best.

With increasing popularity of Palm Beach, holiday-makers at Terrigal claim they've got a more peaceful spot. However, constant summer residents, who have been spending holidays there for years, admit it's never been so crowded.



**HAPPY SMILES** when sun shines. Pam Humphries (left), of Muswellbrook, Andrea Wilson, Janet Davies, Aberdeen, Penny Moir, and Sue Stokes-Hughes relax under their big beach umbrella at Terrigal. Sue has just announced her engagement to John Fitzhardinge.



**BUCKETS AND SPADES.** Young Robert Wade is a willing customer for the sand and the surf when his parents, the Brian Wades, of Wahroonga, take him down for his morning swim. Mr. and Mrs. Wade have taken a house at Terrigal for January holiday.

**HEIGHT** of season doesn't get into its swing at Terrigal until first weeks in New Year, as many visitors are country folk and they stay at home for Christmas and New Year celebrations when their children come home from boarding-school. Then the great pack-up takes place, and with cars groaning under the weight of "equipment" the trek is made.

**VIGOROUS** rounds of square dancing are the right "relaxation" after a "tiring" day of sunbaking and surfing.

Popular rendezvous for Terrigal's young people is the Humphries' house, perched high on the Terrigal Hills with a box-seat view of the beach and skillion.

Hard to tell who enjoys seaside relaxing more, Dorothy and Ken Humphries, who hail from Muswellbrook, or their son and daughter, Max and Pam. Dorothy says square dancing saves polishing the floor, so cuts down on the housework.

After an exhausting round they recuperate with cookies and coffee, while Max plays his prized album of "South Pacific" records.

**FELICITATIONS** on the sand and in the surf for newly engageds, Sue Stokes-Hughes and John Fitzhardinge and the Binnie sisters who are holidaying with parents, the R. S. Binnies, of 4D Station, Quirindi. Sue's fiancé is Bruce McDonald and Mary Jean's, Steve Willis.



**FAMILY GROUP.** Mr. and Mrs. Tom Farrar with their children, Michael and Virginia, are holidaying at Terrigal and have taken a cottage there for swimming and surfing during school holidays.



**TAKING A DIP.** Cecily Newman (left), who is holidaying with her family at Wamberal, and Sue Hudson, whose parents are at Terrigal, race into the water for a surf. Girls attend Abbotsleigh school.



**AFTERNOON RELAXATION** in the garden for Jean Cameron (left), Elizabeth Little, and their hostess, Lyndall Thompson, when girls take beach umbrella, rug, and their books into the garden because wind makes beach too cold. Jean is visitor from England and both Elizabeth and Lyndall have recently returned from trip abroad.

**WITH** a wedding in the family on January 18, the Hugh Stephens' could only sandwich in a week at their cottage at Terrigal this year. Bride-to-be is daughter Buntie, who'll wed John Allen, second son of the Dennis Allens, at St. Mark's, Darling Point. Lyndall Thompson, Jill Stephens, Jennifer Street, and Pam Aumuller will be bridesmaids, and, Buntie told me, "they're making me keep their frocks and mine a secret. We're returning to the old English custom of not having groomsmen."

**THINK** the name of the W. M. Forbes' home at Terrigal should be changed from "Miramar" to "Hospitality House." The Forbes' son and daughter, Pat and Carol, fill house with young people while Mr. Forbes shakes his head when foundations rock during ping-pong game. Pat and Carol have the lemonade market in Terrigal "cornered" this year, I believe, owing to beer shortage they spin it out by serving "shandies."

Anne



**SUNBAKING.** Mrs. Ken Brudenell-Woods shades her face while she works on her suntan, and David Lloyd, "Dickie" Lowther, of Singleton, and Gordon Jacques take to a bit of shade from their beach umbrella.



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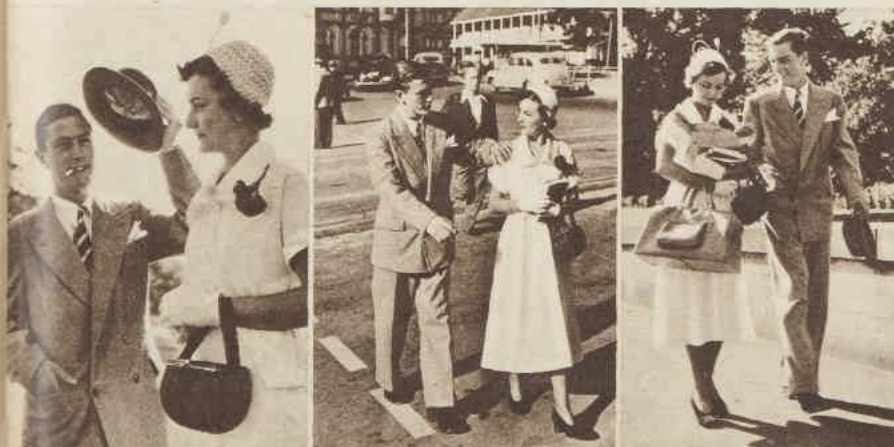
**GESTURE** of shaking hands should always come from girl. Leave her the traditional privilege of extending or withholding her hand in greeting. Only the aged and venerable may upset ruling.

## Street Directions

● These directions are for the male of the species. There are other things to watch out for besides red and green traffic lights. Your own manners for instance. They can stamp you as a prospective man of distinction or a confirmed hillbilly.



**HE'S LUCKY** enough to be with two girls. Perhaps it's because he knows that he should walk between them, not on the outside as he would if with only one.



**HATS OFF** when greeting girls. And cigarette out of mouth, please.

**DON'T STOP HER** this way if you want to talk. Fall in by her side and walk the way she's going.

**THROW AWAY** cigarette and offer to help with her parcels, even if you know the girl only slightly.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 13, 1951

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**say**

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**AMAMI**  
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After your shampoo  
**AMAMI WAVE SET**  
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# 400 die in water every year

## Simple safety measures would prevent drowning tragedies

By a staff reporter

Nearly 400 people are drowned in Australia every year, most of them meeting death in accidents which could have been prevented.

The victims topple out of canoes and small boats, swim too far out in the surf, or paddle about in dams and waterholes, and suddenly discover that they are out of their depth.

**T**HERE is no excuse for most Australians living near any kind of suitable water not being able to swim.

State Governments and municipal councils conduct annual "Learn to Swim" campaigns, arrange swimming lessons that are either free or cost only a nominal sum.

Wherever possible schools include swimming and life-saving in their sports curriculum, and free instruction is given in the holidays.

But fatalities continue to occur at an alarming rate.

Drownings in last year's disastrous floods also increased the toll.

Newspaper stories of accidents often reveal a common pattern.

Someone who cannot swim, or a weak swimmer, gets into difficulties. An equally weak swimmer heroically goes to the rescue. Often both die.

Six basic rules followed by every

member of the community could reduce drownings almost to vanishing point.

Here they are:

### 1. Learn to swim

**A**PART from the pleasure and exercise it provides, learning to swim is obviously the first precaution.

But having learned to swim well, there are still some rules to be observed.

Even if you are a budding John Marshall in your own estimation, don't swim in lonely places or when there is nobody else in the water.

Hundreds of thousands surf and swim every year at crowded ocean and harbor beaches, but the incidence of drowning at these places is not high. It is the solitary swimmer and those who swim in lonely places that bump up the fatality figures.

Careful observation will reveal the safest spots on unpatrolled beaches. Don't dive quickly into cross currents or channels to test the strength of the undertow.

### 2. River hazards

**D**ESERTED spots in rivers are the settings for many drownings. A solitary swimmer dives in and is attacked by cramp or caught by a snag.

Or a group of lads decide to have a swim, strip off, and dive in, and one gets into difficulties from which a double drowning may result.

Those who are tempted to cool off in this way should remember that many streams which are mountain fed are icy-cold in the summer, and the sudden impact of the water may cause cramp.

And under the surface of many a placid-looking pool or stream there lurk deadly snags which trap the diver or treacherous weeds which pull him down.

### 3. Bathe between flags

**T**HIS is an injunction familiar to all who know Australian surf beaches, but many surfers get into difficulties through not obeying it.

Experts select the spots marked as the safest for surfers. It is up to the surfers to keep to those places. Lifesavers have been drowned attempting to rescue those who did not obey.

They surfed outside the safety spots marked clearly by flags, or went too far out and found they couldn't get back against the undertow.

### 4. Watch the tide

**B**ATHERS get trapped by the tide on many beaches, particularly in Victoria. They wade out to a sandbank to potter about or swim, and then find they are cut off from the shore by the tide.

Alarmed, they step off into a deep and possibly swift-running channel and are drowned.

If you find yourself in this plight, and are a non-swimmer, or weak swimmer, don't panic.

If it is safe to stay on the sandbank do so, rather than try to flounder ashore without help. If you must swim for it, float with the tide and it will bring you inshore eventually with the expenditure of the minimum of strength, your most precious asset in a crisis of this sort.

If you are a non-swimmer your only chance is to relax. It's a slender one, because the conditions are anything but ideal for the experiment, but it is a fact that the human body will float if given a chance.

Your body will not sink to the bottom immediately, but it will go under unless you keep your muscles under control.

In going under, water is taken into the lungs and drowning results.

### 5. Don't swim just after eating

**I**F you enter the water just after eating a hearty picnic meal you invite fatal cramps.

It is impossible to swim or to tread water with the muscles contracted by cramp. In deep water alone you wouldn't have a chance.

### 6. Don't skylark in small boats

**B**OATING accidents are just as common as swimming fatalities and could be avoided, too, by the use of commonsense.

You can be as safe in a sound boat as ashore, but there are always



SKYLARKING OR STANDING UP and moving about in small boats causes many tragedies. Never stand up. To change places, crawl carefully, one each side of the boat. Try to keep boat balanced.

hazards for those who are foolish and unwary.

If you must change places with another person in a small craft, don't stand up.

But those who haven't had much experience of small craft should stay where they are until the boat is moored.

If a ship gives you a blast, it is not saying how-do-you-do. The helmsman is indicating that he is altering his course to starboard.

If you are a real landlubber it's a good idea to make sure which is starboard and which is port.

Before leaving the boatshed make

inquiries about emergency measures should you have to give first-aid to the engine, and get directions about sandbanks and any other difficulties which you may have to overcome as an amateur seafarer.

If you happen to be in a sailing boat or rowing boat when it capsizes, don't try to clamber on to the bottom of the boat, it will only roll over with your weight.

Get into a comfortable position clinging on to the side. If it is a sailing boat, sit with your legs in the curve of the sail.

It is safer to wait until you are blown ashore than to try to swim.



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Berlei's H151 "Hollywood-Maxwell" in long-lasting lace and satin ribbon, obtainable in three fittings. Sizes 30" to 38". Prices 18/3 to 20/6.

6086 (right): "Youthlyne" step-in in snowy white, slide fastening, made in three fittings for Sway Back and slender Average figures. White satin front panel, satin stretch-clath back, "Flexnet" side panels. Sizes 21" to 28". Prices 55/- to 65/-.

To complete the ensemble a "Hollywood-Maxwell" Bra H117 in white boliste, made in three fittings. Sizes 32" to 38". Prices 15/6 to 18/3.

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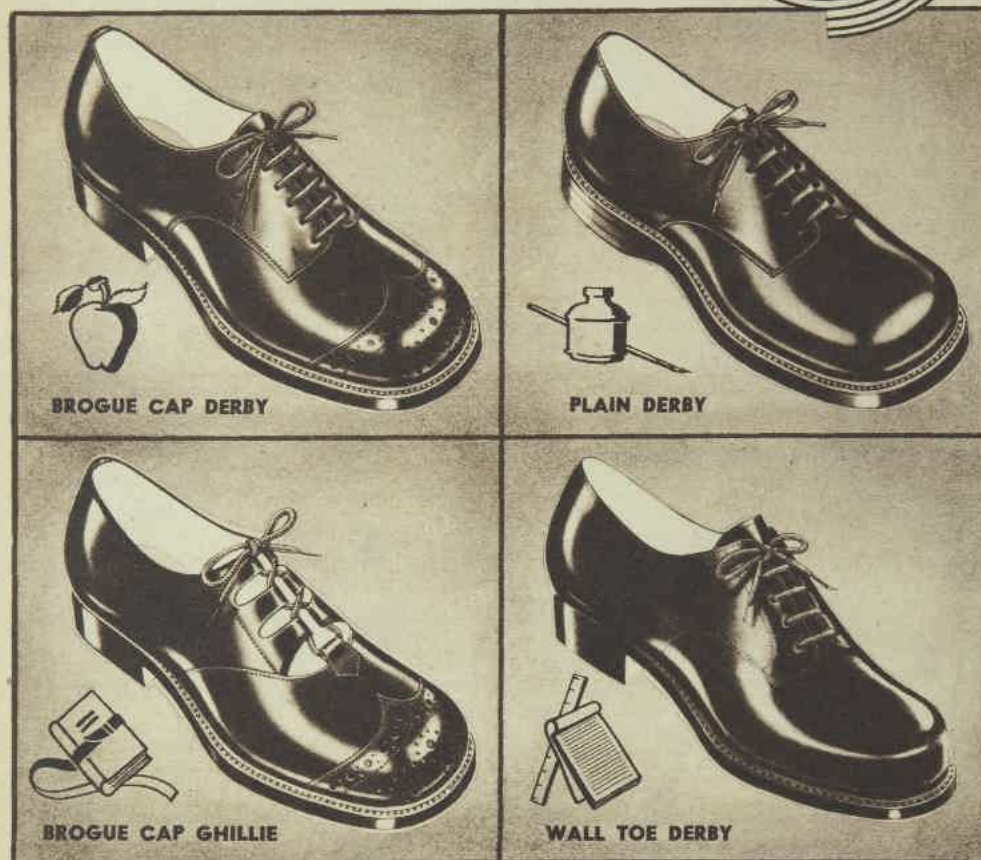
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## The Dark Bureau

Continued from page 7

MRS. HOLLY took a vigorous gulp of tea. "This girl," she said, "she's the sort that gives herself airs. Think she'd been born in Mayfair to hear her talk. Though more likely she comes from the East End or somewhere."

"Does she work?" Dark asked.

"Shorthand-typist." Another snort from Mrs. Holly condemned the whole tribe of stenographers. "Works in some Civil Service department with offices in Regent's Park, though I can't think she's much use to them."

"Got plenty of boy-friends, I shouldn't wonder?"

"To give her credit," and Mrs. Holly gave the credit very grudgingly, "she only goes out with one. Though I can't say I much like the looks of him. Don't know what she sees in him myself."

"Perhaps she's not a lot to look at?"

"Pretty enough in a common sort of way," the woman said. "You know, all bleached hair and lipstick. That's why I can't understand her going round with this Eddie fellow. Perhaps he's in the money, though. Bit of a gold-digger, if you ask me, she is."

"No doubt," Algy Dark agreed. "Some of these young men earn pretty big money nowadays."

"Dunno what this one does, but he always calls for her in a car, so he must be making it somehow."

"Not that you can always judge a man's pay-pocket just because he runs a posh car," Dark said, and waited for the other to fall into the trap.

Mrs. Holly obliged.

"Wouldn't call it a posh car exactly. Just an ordinary-looking little car."

She was interrupted by a clock striking somewhere in the house.

"Three o'clock! And I haven't begun the afternoon's work. Time and tide doesn't wait for no one, not even to have a cup of tea."

"Afraid I've kept you from your work," Dark said. "It's been very kind of you to be so helpful."

A few minutes later, he was walking along Wistaria Road, smiling to himself. So Nita Bennett had a Civil Service job? Regent's Park. And her friend Eddie owned an ordinary looking little car. So the bits of the jigsaw were beginning to fit in.

And back at number thirteen Wistaria Road, the woman who called herself Mrs. Holly was speak-

ing urgently into the telephone.

The telephone on Algy Dark's shrilled, and he picked up the receiver. "Dark speaking."

"I've just left Mrs. Taylor, ready to swear from his picture was Eddie Fagan who was the in the car talking to Archer."

Algy Dark thanked the man the other end of the wire and off. So that was all tied in, way. The Bennett girl and Eddie Fagan.

He picked up the telephone receiver again.

"Anything come in on the Bett that looks promising?"

No, he was told, nothing looked any good. There were number of houses round London the suburbs, and round about Home Counties, called the Bett but so far all of them were occupied by eminently respectable people.

Dark hung up, then a sudden thought occurred to him. He picked up the receiver of the inter-telephone and asked for Nick R.

A few minutes later Nick was padding into the office smoking long, thin, black cigar and apologizing for being in his shirt-sleeve.

"I was wondering where Eddie Fagan might be hanging out these days," Dark said to him.

Nick rasped his dark thoughtfully.

"You could find him at that off Cambridge Circus," he said at a moment. "The Look In, it's called. Just a cheap cafe from outside. If they know you, they take menu for you and you can have mail there."

"The Look In," Algy Dark mused. "Seem to remember it. I'd like have someone drop in there some time, Nick."

Nick Rocco squinted at Dark his long, black cigar. "You want know if Eddie Fagan is calling there nowadays, and when, yes."

"You will be hearing," Nick said and he went out, closing the door behind him quietly.

Malone crossed to the window pressed her face to the cold glass and stared desperately at the dragged garden. There was no sun and the day was grey and dreary. She was hungry, she realised, glanced at her watch. It was after two o'clock.

Please turn to page 30

## My favorite poem

THIS is the favorite poem of Mrs. D. V. Ryan, of Yass St., Gunning, N.S.W. Send us your favorite lines. They may be a complete poem or an excerpt.

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.  
I love thee to the level of every day's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;  
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.  
I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

—One of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese,"  
by Elizabeth Barrett Browning



Don't let  
these eyes...



become these...



Close your eyes for a moment and think—think what eyesight means to you. In every possible way, take care of your eyes. Seek professional advice if you need it. Give your eyes enough rest. Use Optrex for all minor eye troubles such as styes, conjunctivitis, blepharitis, colds—and when they're tired.

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the EYE  
LOTION



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## Worth Reporting

**L**UCY CLAYTON, head of a British chain of charm schools and a mannequin agency, hopes to open her first Australian charm school in Melbourne and, perhaps, to teach Australian girls to curtsy for the Royal visit next year. Now visiting Australia, Lucy Clayton is an attractive, poised woman nearly six feet tall. In private life she is Mrs. Walter Bennett, wife of a marine engineer and mother of a 13-year-old daughter, Vanessa.

Her charm schools in London, Manchester, and Birmingham teach elocution, make-up, deportment, social etiquette, and give advice on clothes and how to wear them.

They give special exercises to reduce full figures and fill out thin ones.

"We guarantee to take two inches off any woman's hips in two weeks," said Miss Clayton.

One of her most interesting clients, she said, was a woman who had been a prisoner of the Japanese for three years and wanted to regain confidence. Others who attend the schools include polio cases and girls who are not physically strong and need building up.

Miss Clayton's staff is carrying on her British schools during her absence.

She attributes her own erect carriage to a school headmistress who used to make her sit and stand straight by strapping backboards to her shoulders for half an hour a day.

### Orchid blooms after twelve years

**O**N the hottest day of the season orchid fancier Mr. R. F. Leaney, of Dee Why, N.S.W., visited our office to tell us that his tropical orchid, *Stanhopea tigrina*, was about to flower.

"Orchids like the heat," said Mr. Leaney, dashing the sweat from his brow. "*Stanhopea tigrina* is kept in a hothouse at my home. This is only the second time it has flowered. The first time was in 1938. Originally I won the orchid for a prize in an orchid show. It's an unbelievable flower."

Mr. Leaney told us that *Stanhopea tigrina* is five inches wide, has pink and purple spots on a fawn background, and a maroon and gold centre. It is strongly scented.

A native of central South America, the orchid thrives on chopped fern and root fibre lining a basket. The flowers grow through the bottom of the basket.

"It must be beautiful," we hazarded.

"Beautiful!" cried Mr. Leaney. "Why, it looks like a skinned bulldog's head."

We asked Mr. Leaney if he had ever seen a skinned bulldog's head.

"Well, no," he said, "but I've seen skinned heads of other animals, and I can imagine what it would look like. *Stanhopea tigrina* is astonishing, but it's not the sort of orchid that women would wear with their evening dresses."

Postscript: A few days later Mr. Leaney brought *Stanhopea tigrina* in to show us. We thought his description a little hard on the flower, but it is certainly odd rather than beautiful.

THE great steel grilles which guard the Crown jewels at the Tower of London are to be removed. Soon visitors will be able to gaze at the £50,000,000 collection without any bars to block their view. The glass case surrounding the jewels will be protected instead by an electric alarm system.



"I'm sorry Christmas is over. You looked so handsome with a beard."

### American nun admitted to practise law

**S**ISTER ANN JOACHIM recently made history in the United States by being the only nun ever admitted to practise law before the United States Supreme Court.

She is an instructor in history, political science, economics, international relations, and parliamentary law at the Siena Heights College in Michigan.

She is also the basketball and tennis coach and legal counsel for the Dominican Order, is a qualified aeroplane pilot, and an author.

Sister Ann Joachim began work as a young girl in a law firm, went to night school, qualified as a Bachelor and later as a Master of Laws, and while still a girl handled robbery, murder, and divorce cases.

"One client came to me on five occasions, each time for a divorce," she said. "The fee for the last one was unpaid. The client left for an unknown destination, but left a small Pekingese dog in my care, and that remained with me."

After five years the young lawyer decided to take her vows as a nun.

She took three more degrees, became a Bachelor and Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy, and was readmitted to practise law as a nun.

As legal adviser to the Dominican Order, Sister Ann Joachim gives advice to other nuns and members of their families. She also draws up legal contracts for new building projects.

### Egyptian relics in gallery exhibit

**T**HERE'S a gruesome story behind a thick piece of rope which is part of an exhibit of Egyptian relics at Anthony Hordern's Fine Arts Gallery in Sydney.

It is believed that the rope was used to tow a slab of stone from a cave at Tura in 3000 B.C. when the roof collapsed, killing the many slaves who were hauling the stone.

Mr. B. J. Hayviden, a Sydney business man who was a major in the British Army during World War II, brought the relics from Egypt. At Tura, which is 14 miles from Cairo, he was in charge of a tyre depot in caves which the British Army had discovered in the hills. The caves were formed when stone was removed to build the Pyramids. The Army used them to store equipment, tyres, and aeroplane wings.

Men under Mr. Hayviden's command discovered the rope when cleaning the floor of one of the caves and followed it along for 118 feet until it disappeared into the ground.

Some of it is now in the Egyptian Museum. The piece in Sydney—a foot long—is valued at £30.

Three inches thick and as hard as wood, it is made from reeds of the Nile, and is still much stronger than hemp rope of the same thickness.

Also in the collection are tiny clay oil lamps, dated at 2000-3200 B.C., and a wooden mallet. These were found on the ledges of the caves. The Egyptian stonemasons are believed to have left them there.

When Summer  
saps your  
energy



## REVITALISE WITH RADOX

Beautiful women in the public eye—stage and screen personalities, social beauties—revitalise with oxygen-charged Radox baths. When summer heat saps your energy, you too can relax weary muscles the same way. Radox gives ordinary tap water the revitalising properties of a mineral spring spa. Be refreshed, vital, ready to go—revitalise with Radox!



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PAGE



# Ruby Gordon's

● Robert Piguet designs large eye-shade of blue spotted stiffened cotton, which ties to suit any head fitting.

★ French designers have taken the little embroideries to their hearts. In a land where touches of hand-work have always been admired, this year's fashion of straw and raffia embroidery on summer fabrics has met with instantaneous approval. The fashion, which has also caught the Australian imagination, is ideal for our sunny days.

● Blue linen coolie beach coat, below, is trimmed with nautical motifs embroidered with coarse string-like thread. The visor is made of straw, attached to a triangle of cloth which ties on.

● Novel beach bag is made from wire fish basket, left, trimmed with sea shells found while you wander along sea edge.

● Curtain rings are sewn together and lined with cyclamen cotton squares knotted together for unusual beach bag with strings of raffia.

● Crochet a top to your little flat bread basket to match your favorite frock.

● Transform a shopping basket into a beach bag and trim with a jaunty bouquet of flowers.

● Trim your slippers with bright raffia flowers. Pin a gay bunch of fruit to a straw belt.

● Christian Dior appliques large orange flowers to a white linen frock, above, with a square neck, turning back the white dustcoat with the same tangerine linen. Color combination of brilliant blue with this tangerine is very new.



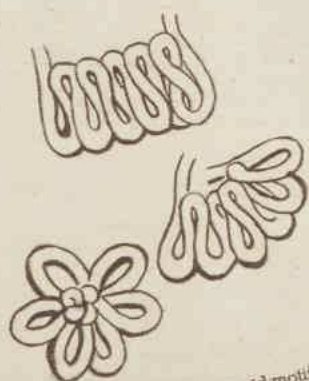
# Paris Notes



● Schiaparelli sews small medallions of straw on to a black velvet rolled brim, right.



● Jacques Griffe uses an all-over lace mounted on a taffeta slip and ties a sash of black faille with a large bow, below. Crocheted medallions from a lace tablecloth or lace bedspread would give exactly the same effect.



● Here are three braid motifs which can be used for trimming. The bodice of the ming. The bodice of the ming, yellow pleated frock, above, looks attractive with small rosettes of fine braid. To vary the idea on the turquoise linen short evening frock by Alwynn, above right, braid is twisted into a scroll design.



● Jacques Griffe embroiders pockets of navy linen suit with raffia or straw, above.

Dorothea Johnston



## The Dark Bureau

Continued from page 26

**S**UDDENLY the thought of escape, which had been at the back of her mind from the moment she had found herself in this place, became an uppermost idea. She began to wonder how many of the gang there were in the house altogether.

So far she had met only two, the horrible figure in the wheel-chair and the man named Drew. But she felt there must obviously be others on the premises.

Malone's thoughts turned to Tod Archer. She realised she stood less chance of making a getaway than she did. Apart from the barred windows in his room, they would no doubt be keeping closer watch on him. It was up to her to escape if he himself was going to stand a chance of getting out of the house alive.

The question was when should she make the attempt. Why not now? she asked herself. Now, while she was strong enough and her courage high.

She pulled the chair across the room, wedged it firmly under the door handle, then went to the window and opened it as wide as she could. She leaned far out, and viewed the sheer wall of the house. There was no creper to which she could cling. The only possibility seemed to her to be a length of drain-pipe some yards farther along the wall of the house. But how to get to it?

The only way would be by reaching from the window-ledge next to hers. She tried to gauge the distance between the two windows, but with a sinking heart realised it was impossibly wide.

All the same, she'd have to make an attempt, impossible as it seemed, she decided, and before her courage had time to ebb altogether she swung

herself to a sitting position on the outer ledge. Getting a grip on the raised sash, she hauled herself to her feet, her back to the sheer drop behind her.

The distance between the windows looked enormous. She stood there swaying, and it was some moments before she remembered that her room was on the top story. She glanced upwards cautiously. Above her was the edge of the roof.

Hope revived, she carefully released one hand from its grip of the upper window ledge and reached above her as far as she could. She had to fight back panic as she groped desperately, striving for a hold on the guttering, fearing that she wouldn't get it.

Suddenly her fingers touched the rusty metal and with another effort they were hooked over the edge.

Closing her eyes she let go of the window-sash and reached up with her other hand. It seemed an eternity before her fingers found and hooked round the gutter, and then she moved to the extreme end of the window-sill.

She hesitated, paralysed with fright at the thought of stepping off the sill and hanging in mid-air. And supposing the guttering failed to hold her? She glanced anxiously up to it. It appeared stout enough so far as she could see, but supposing one of the supports was rotten?

Shutting her eyes she slid her right hand along the gutter, followed it with her left, then she stepped off into mid-air. Her body swung with a sickening jerk and banged against the wall.

The weight on her hands was ter-



MR. E. J. HOLT  
Olympics and apples

**RET**IRED English banker Mr. E. J. Holt is now in Melbourne as adviser for the 1956 Olympic Games. Has 30 years' experience in organising amateur sport, was director of organisation for 1948 Olympic Games, London, and an official at the Olympics in Berlin 1936, Los Angeles 1932, and Amsterdam 1928. Ex-champion sprinter, he is married, with two sons and a daughter, and grows choice apples, pears, and plums in the lovely garden of his home in Woodmansterne, Surrey, England.

rific, she could feel the rusty metal bite deeply into her fingers. Every instinct cried out to her to release this torturing grip, but she held on.

She forced her right hand along the guttering again, the left dragged after it. She dug her toes into the wall, but her shoes slipped on the brick surface and she swung helplessly a moment before she pushed on.

She heard the guttering creak ominously, and for a moment she hung, moaning with terror. Then



MISS JOAN LORD  
successful actress

**T**ALENTED Sydney actress Joan Lord is returning to her home after four years' successful visit to England and Europe. Featured on B.B.C. and television. Worked with John Mills, Anton Wallbrook in radio plays. Appeared with Stanley Holloway in various shows. Has played lead in many successful plays, toured continent as Bicky in "Little Lambs Eat Ivy." Says overseas experience is essential. Only leisure time was spent lazing in Kensington Gardens, watching tennis at Wimbledon.

suddenly her foot struck something, and she realised it must be the next window-sill. One more effort and her feet were safely on it.

The window was open about two inches at the top, and one by one she brought the cramped arms down to it. Then she found herself wondering dully what would happen if someone were in the room. That hadn't occurred to her until this very moment.

There was no sound from the room, however, and she relaxed a



MR. W. H. R. NIMMO  
medal for engineer

**Q**UENSLAND Commissioner for Irrigation and Water Supply, Mr. W. H. R. Nimmo, has been awarded Peter Nicol Russell Memorial Medal for 1950. Award is made annually to a member of the Institute of Engineers who has made a notable contribution to science and practice of engineering in the Commonwealth. He has been three years president of Australian Institution of Engineers and is a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers, London.

little with relief. She stared in. So far as she could make out the room was, in fact, completely empty. After a few moments she turned to the drainpipe which was her objective. There it was running down about a foot beyond the window.

Please turn to page 34

**A**LL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

### PRaise for Amazing Immunisation Treatment

## Bedridden from Rheumatism NOW PAIN FREE

No story in fiction could be more dramatic than this amazing, unsolicited statement made by Mrs. M. Maguire, of Henry Street, Guildford, N.S.W., about her mother, Mrs. Metcalfe, of the same address.

It tells of Mrs. Metcalfe's relief from boundless misery and rheumatic pain as a result of using Lantigen 'C' Dissolved Oral Vaccine. Here are the facts in Mrs. Maguire's own words...

#### Developed Severe Joint Pains

"Every winter would find my mother in bed suffering intense agony. When pain would send her quite delirious the doctor would come and give her the needle. We have taken our turn night and day, with hot soda packs on her joints, to try and relieve her suffering. She would get a little better with warm weather, but each cloudy change found her back in bed.

#### Two Years in Bed

"Her joints would come up in hard notches in a few minutes, and she would nearly go mad with pain. It attacked her in knee, feet, hips, arms, shoulders, elbows, hands and jaw

bones, usually shifting after 24 or 48 hours in one place to another.

"There was a time when she could not bear the hot packs on her hands; we had cold packs on her hands and very hot ones on her feet.

#### Weak and Helpless

"If we made her bed and moved her ever so little, she cried with pain and exhaustion, and it was cruel to touch her. "In February she got very bad again and, back to bed, her knee went up like a big balloon in a few days, and all the leg drew up and became deformed (her hands were more or less deformed for years).

#### Suffered Intense Agony

"We never thought she could possibly see the winter through. My brother went to our chemist and asked him for Lantigen 'C'. Mother commenced taking it. Before the first bottle was gone she was able to get out of bed, with help.

#### Began to Feel Better, Less Pain

"She has taken it to direction, never missing a dose. Now she is on the fourth bottle. She has put on over two stone in weight and eats better than for years. She looks wonderfully well and has an interest in everything; she is so delighted with herself. She says she could get up on house tops and tell the world what LANTIGEN has done for her, and all who are like her that will get it.

"Mother said if any sufferer doubts what LANTIGEN claims, if they come to her, she will be delighted to tell them how it has relieved her after ten years of a living hell on earth."

Yours faithfully,  
(Sgd.) M. Maguire.

#### Lantigen 'C' Brings Prompt Relief

Lantigen 'C' counteracts the effects of the germs which cause the rheumatic complaints because it is a modern, dissolved oral vaccine, prepared by skilled bacteriologists working under medical direction. Absorbed into the bloodstream through the mucous mem-

To-day Mrs. Metcalfe is a well, happy woman, free from the agonising joint and muscle pains that made her life a misery. Her hands are supple, her general health good, her outlook on life changed—where once she was an invalid confined to her bed, absolutely skin and bone, she is now well, back to normal weight, taking an active part in life with her family who so devotedly cared for her during her "10 years' living hell on earth."

branes of the nose, throat and by the digestive system, Lantigen 'C' stimulates the production of "antibodies."

#### Immunity Promoted

These antibodies are the system's natural antidotes to the "rheumatic" germs. They neutralise the germ poisons and thus relieve inflammation, pain and congestion.

Immunity against further attack is promoted and often lasts for years.

#### All These Benefits

Searing joint and muscle pains are relieved, swelling is reduced, your appetite and digestion improve, you sleep through the night without pain—wake rested and fresh.

#### No Injections—No Drugs—Economical

Ask your chemist to-day for

# Lantigen 'C'

The Dissolved Oral Vaccine that's taken just like an ordinary medicine for Germ-caused Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis and Fibrositis.  
Product of Edinburgh Laboratories, Sydney.

238C78





**As I Read the STARS**  
By WYNNE TURNER

**ARIES** (March to April 20): A rather stimulating week is ahead and although there may be problems to solve between January 10 and 13, you can afford to take some risks as the week moves on. Push towards desired goals.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): Many important things are brewing this week which promise vital and interesting events for your future. January 10 will probably start the ball rolling. Therefore, formulate your plans right now.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 21): A rather mixed week and therefore difficult to advise. January 10 to 13 is very active, but will need wise direction to get the best results. January 15 onwards clear sailing.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): A lucky and welcome change is in store for most Cancerians this week, with special highlights on love and marriage. January 10 and 11 are important, but use extra care on Saturday.

**LEO** (July 24 to August 23): A week that may thrust extra work upon you. Don't let others impose—remain master of yourself. However, some compensations may be expected by January 16.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): Small disappointments seem to be sprinkled in an otherwise progressive week. Be very careful with finance or speculations, but enjoy all pleasures and romance.

**LIBRA** (September 24 to October 23): Don't let important matters confuse you this week, take time to think. Shelve your domestic problems and concentrate on work and career. It will serve you best just now.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 23): Your most active time seems to be before the week-end. Many of you will get a pleasant surprise or perhaps unexpected news. Local travel and social activity is to the fore.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 24 to December 23): The unexpected could make it difficult to control events this week. Destiny plays a strong hand, especially where your interests touch finance. Avoid important matters on Saturday.

**CAPRICORN** (December 24 to January 20): If you use caution between January 10 and 13 you may turn many things to your advantage. Events depend more on your own actions than outside influences just now.

**AQUARIUS** (January 21 to February 19): Although there may be some muddled conditions this week there is a bright influence protecting your affairs. Just sit back and let things work out for themselves.

**PISCES** (February 20 to March 20): January 10 starts very fortunate vibrations and may well prove one of the most striking weeks you have known for some time. Your house of friendships is important.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.)

### HERE'S HOW WE GOT BIG WINDOW AREAS AT A SMALL COST

**NOW WITH Streamliners**

An airy, modern lounge room, flooded with sunshine, is yours—inexpensively—with Cooper Louvres! Decorative and immensely practical, Cooper Louvres give you controlled ventilation, and fitted with the new snug "Streamliners" they are highly decorative and efficient. This is the way to have the "miles of windows" you want, without spending a mint of money. See the Cooper Louvre "Streamliners" now!

**CLOSED:** "Streamliners" snugly enclose edge of glass louvres and metal frame.

**OPEN:** "Streamliners" automatically open at the flick of a lever.

**The Cooper Louvre Streamliner**  
Manufactured by  
**F. W. GISSING PTY. LTD.**  
197 Wilson Street, Newtown, N.S.W. (4 lines)  
FROM ALL BUILDERS' SUPPLY & HARDWARE STORES

### You can taste the CREAM!

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Yes, Trufood Fullcream is the whole milk—pure and creamy. There are 4 pints of dairy-fresh milk in every 12-oz. tin . . . milk that's rich with nearly half a pint of golden cream.

You see, Trufood is all fresh full-cream milk, only the water has been removed and no preservatives are added. That's why it is the richest powdered milk for drinking—ideal and safe for babies and youngsters—the best for all cooking that calls for milk. Trufood's as good as a cow in your pantry!

**FREE!** Trufood is made and mixed in a moment and it's 100% soluble in water.

Trufood is ideal for all milk recipes—so why not drop a line for the Trufood Recipe Book? Write your name and address clearly on a sheet of paper marked "Trufood Recipe Book" and post to Box 3972, G.P.O., Sydney.



**modernising?**

... or building?



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**brings fresh beauty and  
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Because MASONITE is so versatile, so easy to use, and so inexpensive (still cheaper than pre-war), it's in tremendous demand. That's why even to-day's trebled production is not always sufficient. But your Masonite distributor will give you the quickest delivery possible and, of course, advise you fully about the use of "The Wonder Board of 1,000 Uses."

MASONITE IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK.

The Johnsons had a "tired" living room. Wisely, they decided to modernise with MASONITE, knowing from past experience that only Masonite could do just the job they wanted, quickly and inexpensively. Our illustration gives some idea of the speed of panelling with large, easy-to-handle Masonite Primecote. Then, it's an equally simple job to cover an old worn floor with durable and handsome Tempered Presdwood. Add some Masonite bookshelves and occasional furniture, and the Johnsons (or you) have a completely "new" and charming living room. There are four Masonite hardboards in general use—Standard Presdwood, Tempered Presdwood, Temptile and Primecote (which you see being used in the illustration). Primecote is factory-treated with a special base coat, which means lower painting costs and a quicker and more satisfactory finished job.



**UP THE ESCALATOR**

From the huge storage yards at the Masonite plant at Raymond Terrace, stripped hardwood logs are loaded onto this escalator. During their trip to the top floor of the factory, the logs are cleaned by pressure sprays. In the next step, the timber is reduced to chips. "Guns" then explode them into natural fibre ready to be formed into Masonite hardboards. It is due to the patented and exclusive Masonite process that these grainless, splinterless hardboards are preferred by architects, builders and home-owners throughout Australia.

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282 Queen Street, BRISBANE.





**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **LOTNAR:** His giant Nubian servant, with lovely **PRINCESS NARDA:** Have their holiday spoiled when the **CHIEF OF POLICE:** Asks Mandrake to catch the **BLUE BANDIT:** Who has robbed

the Jewel Mart. Guards in the building sleep when a light bulb gives off mysterious fumes. On the second attempt, Mandrake sees the bandit step into a helicopter from the window. He grasps a trailing rope. They try to drop him, NOW READ ON:



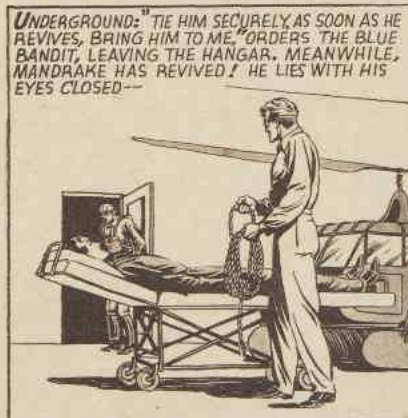
SOON, THE CRAFT HEADS DOWN SWIFTLY TOWARD A REMOTE FIELD. THEY INTEND TO LAND, WITH ME UNDERNEATH," HE THINKS TENSELY.



"NO BONES BROKEN, AS FAR AS I CAN TELL, BUT HE TOOK A BAD FALL," SAYS THE PILOT, PUTTING MANDRAKE ON A ROLLING STRETCHER. "TAKE HIM UNDERGROUND," SAYS THE BLUE BANDIT.



THE GRASSY HILL OPENS UP, REVEALING AN UNDERGROUND RAMP. MANDRAKE IS WHEELED INTO THE HIDEOUT OF THE MYSTERIOUS BLUE BANDIT!



UNDERGROUND: "TIE HIM SECURELY, AS SOON AS HE REVIVES, BRING HIM TO ME," ORDERS THE BLUE BANDIT, LEAVING THE HANGAR. MEANWHILE, MANDRAKE HAS REVIVED! HE LIES WITH HIS EYES CLOSED—



AS MAC, THE PILOT, IS ABOUT TO BIND MANDRAKE, THE MAGICIAN GESTURES—"WHAT IS THIS?" CRIES THE AMAZED PILOT. THE ROPES SEEM TO TWIST AND JUMP FROM HIS HANDS, AS IF THEY HAD SUDDENLY COME TO LIFE.



"THEY'RE---TYING ME UP!" HE CRIES, AS THE ROPES SEEM TO TWIST ABOUT HIM!

"NOW FOR THE BLUE BANDIT. HE WENT THROUGH THIS DOOR," SAYS MANDRAKE.

## FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN EXHIBITIONS



MAY 3 to SEPTEMBER 30

The summer of 1951 will be long remembered by Britons all over the world. Just as the 'Crystal Palace' Exhibition of 1851 was something utterly new and bold in its generation, so Britain now invites you to a Festival the like of which has never been seen before. Exhibitions will be only one part of the Festival programme, but a spectacular and important part.

IN LONDON the centrepiece of the Festival will be the great South Bank Exhibition on the sweep of the Thames between Westminster Bridge and Waterloo Bridge. Here, amid 30 acres of new buildings and broad terraces, dominated by the giant Dome of Discovery (the largest in the world), visitors will see the story of Britain and her people at work and at play—in industry, transport, the farm; at home and on the sea; in sport, at leisure, and in those boundless fields of exploration and discovery in which British scientists and technicians are helping to build the world of tomorrow.

In a new extension to the Science Museum in South Kensington, the latest advances in scientific discovery—the frontiers of man's present knowledge—will be on display.

In the East end, an Exhibition of Architecture at Poplar will show the community centre of the future in course of construction, using the latest building styles and techniques.

These main London Exhibitions will be open to the public from May 4 to September 30.

IN GLASGOW an Exhibition of Industrial Power at Kelvin Hall will show British achievements in heavy engineering, from the earliest steam engine to the harnessing of atomic energy. This Exhibition will open on May 28 and last for 13 weeks.

IN BELFAST the Ulster Farm and Factory Exhibition, staged in the interior and grounds of a new model factory, will show the growth of the linen industry and of research-directed developments in agriculture and other local industries. This will be open from June 1 to August 31.

IN EDINBURGH there will be an extensive Exhibition of Scottish Architecture and Traditional Crafts, during June and July.

In addition there will be Exhibitions of British Books and Literature in London, Edinburgh and Glasgow, and Exhibitions of painting in Cardiff and Norwich. But Exhibitions are not the whole of the Festival. There will also be Arts Festivals in twenty-three famous towns, and local activities ranging from carnivals to sporting events in hundreds of communities throughout England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland.

BRITAIN AT HOME TO THE WORLD

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1/10 and 3/3 a bottle everywhere.

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The Original  
CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS

## The Dark Bureau

Continued from page 30

**F**IGHTING back the dizziness that threatened to send her crashing below, Malone edged her way along the sill. At the end of the sill she paused, eyeing the drainpipe, her skin crawling at the thought of having to grasp it with her torn hands. But there was no alternative.

She reached out, bit back the moan of anguish as the wounds burned and stung afresh, and carefully shifted her weight to the pipe. It looked stout and firmly fixed to the wall, and she prayed it would support her.

Then began the long, slow nightmare of descent. Her stockings were ripped from knee to ankle, her skirt twisted round her legs, but she clung grimly to the rusted pipe, slipping and sliding down its length, sobbing now with weariness and terror.

She could have been only partly conscious when her shoes suddenly sank into soft soil, she lost her balance and, staggering backwards, fell heavily on what had once been a flower border, but now contained only a few neglected, weary shrubs.

For a few moments she lay where she had fallen, utterly exhausted. Then she got to her knees, and then to her feet, and pressed back against the wall, staring round her in an effort to get her bearings. It must be about fifty yards to the hedge that bounded this part of the garden. Beyond were fields, grey and cheerless in the overcast afternoon.

The garden offered absolutely no cover, unless she could get as far as the hedge. The only other alternative was to move round in the shelter of the house until she could see another way of escape. And what chance had she of doing this?

Panic began to rise again, but she crushed it down. She would have to try. Controlling her trembling legs, she pushed cautiously through the shrubbery, hugging the wall of the house closely, and continued for some yards before coming to an abrupt halt. She had reached the corner of the building.

Heart thudding, she peered round. Nothing met her eye but a vast expanse of uncultivated garden. Taking a deep breath, she began to run, listening desperately as she did so for the shout that would mean she had been spotted, but it did not come.

She began to hope. Not very much farther. The men in the house behind her were obviously having their meal, they hadn't expected her to get away. Only a few more yards. Her breath gone, she staggered over the last few yards of uneven turf, and then dropped face downwards on the grass, gasping with exhaustion, looking anxiously at the hawthorn hedge that now confronted her. It wasn't going to be easy getting through this.

She crawled along for a few yards in the hope of finding a less formidable section, but it all looked unpleasantly thorny and impenetrable. She decided she might as well try here as go any farther.

Crawling up to the hedge, she cautiously pulled the thick-set hawthorn branches to one side. The spikes stabbed at her arms and caught her hair as she wriggled into the pitifully small opening she had contrived. Shielding her face with one arm she edged her way forward, then stopped, faced by a strong, thorny branch.

Again panic rose in her. She would never get through this, but she couldn't turn back and get out, either. She was caught.

Then, distantly, behind her, she heard voices raised. They were after her. Frenziedly she pushed forward, oblivious now of the haw-

thorn spikes that ripped her flesh and her clothes. The voices were louder, drawing nearer.

A final desperate effort brought her into the open on the far side. She took a quick look behind her. Yes, there they were. Two men, hurrying towards her. Two men she had never seen before. Turning blindly, she stumbled forward, heart racing, breath coming in sobbing gasps.

Ahead of her there was a gate into a field. She scrambled over it, then off across the grass to where a narrow footpath wound along by a high bank.

Fear lent her wings, and she raced on, gained the footpath, ran along it, fell rather than jumped across a stile where the high bank abruptly ended, and then, to her incredulous joy, saw a blue spiral of smoke rising from the chimney of a small cottage nestling in the next hollow. If she could get there she would be safe.

Her hopes soared wildly, and she flung herself forward. Then came disaster. One of her flying feet caught in a root of a tree, hidden by some long grass, she lurched forward, cried out helplessly, and crashed on to her face.

Now her exhausted body would not respond to the exhortations of her brain to get up and race on. She lay quite still, eyes closed, not caring any longer whether she was caught or not. She heard the footsteps thudding towards her, but still she did not move.

**W**ATCHING through the barred windows of his room, Archer caught a brief glimpse of the men bringing Malone back across the grey garden. The girl was an inert dishevelled figure, white face lolling against one of the men's shoulders.

He had not seen her making her attempt to escape; it was only the commotion of the two men chasing after her that had attracted his attention and brought him to stare at an angle through the window giving him a view of part of the grounds.

Now they were gone, and swearing bitterly, he marvelled again at the girl's resourceful courage.

The key turning in the lock broke into his bitter ruminations, and Drew peered round the door. "You're wanted. Come on."

With a pistol sticking into the small of his back, Archer went down the hall. Once again the door of that menace-charged room was pushed open and he went in. His eyes went straight to the pathetic figure, with the white face and bedraggled blonde hair, slumped in the chair. Ignoring the black glasses directed at him he went straight across to her.

"Malone."

Her eyes flickered open, and she raised her head.

"Hello, Tod. Afraid I made a bit of a mess of things again." She tried to smile.

He swung round on the figure in the wheel-chair.

"Why haven't you got someone in to attend to her?" he demanded.

"You swine, she'll get blood-poisoning, if you don't get her hands cleaned up and bandaged."

There was a moment's silence, and then that sibilant whisper.

"If she chooses to come prying into an affair which is no concern of hers she must take the consequences." The black glasses flickered over the slumped figure. "She has cost me not inconsiderable inconvenience. I think it's time the nuisance stopped."

Please turn to page 39

## ANACIN STOPS PAIN FASTER



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## Popular choice in Hollywood



DEBORAH KERR, charming English-born actress, photographed in her Hollywood home wearing a brilliant provincial print skirt topped by a shirred blouse in pale yellow jersey. Location work in Africa for M.G.M.'s "King Solomon's Mines" and in Europe for "Quo Vadis" has kept her on the wing during the past 12 months, and her future plans may mean further travel abroad.

ANNE BAXTER, versatile American actress, poses in a favorite paisley foulard outfit. For her new Fox film, "All About Eve," Anne has been given full-scale glamor treatment for the first time in her career. She wears 25 costume changes and several original hair styles, and portrays a hard, calculating woman of the world.



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FROM THE RICHARD HUDNUT FIFTH AVENUE BEAUTY SALON



DEBBIE REYNOLDS is an attractive young newcomer whom Hollywood finds interesting. Here she and Red Skelton form a mutual admiration society during an on-the-set visit.



EDGAR BERGEN (without Charlie McCarthy on this occasion) appears to be having trouble persuading his attractive wife to have her picture taken beside the family swimming pool.

## TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

### ★ ★ Cheaper by the Dozen

THERE is warmth, humor, and nostalgia in Fox's "Cheaper by the Dozen," which recounts the joys and tribulations of the Gilbreth family during the 1920's.

Since childhood remembrance is usually more nostalgic than realistic, an echo of unreality pursues the screenplay, but few will argue with the pleasant escapism it presents.

In the absence of any real story theme the character of Papa Gilbreth (Clifton Webb) ties the series of family events together and gives motive to the action.

Amusing events which Papa Gilbreth invariably initiates often involve his eldest daughter (Jeanne Crain), who is the narrator of the story. The film's highlight is when he sternly accompanies her to a school dance and unbends to the charms of Betty Lynn's pert Southern miss.

Clifton Webb is completely credible as the kindly family tyrant, and a touch of Belvedereish asstringency makes his performance most enjoyable.

Myrna Loy's restrained performance as Mama Gilbreth gives balance to the family portrait and, in supporting roles, Edgar Buchanan, Mildred Natwick, and Evelyn Varden acquit themselves well.

The poignant note on which the film ends is handled with good taste. In Sydney—Regent.

### ★ Rogues of Sherwood Forest

THIS is a hackneyed version of the Sherwood Forest theme with handsome John Derek playing the role of Robin Hood's son, Robin, Earl of Huntington.

Columbia has given the film lavish treatment in costumes, color, and decor, and there is probably enough swordplay and swashbuckling to compensate those who are not fussy about history, histrionics, or assorted accents.

George Macready's King John sets the scene for rebellion by unjustly taxing the English people in order to hire mercenary Flemish troops in the pay of the Count of Flanders (Lowell Gilmore) and so implement his own power.

Young Robin retaliates by gathering together his father's ageing henchmen Little John, Friar Tuck, Alan-a-Dale, and Will Scarlett, and the barons of England and their followers. With the help of Diana Lynn, the King's ward, they eventually rush King John to Runnymede to seal the Magna Charta.

While John Derek demonstrates athletic proficiency in the role of Robin, he lacks the charm and impish humor of Messrs. Fairbanks and Flynn, who, even to-day, could play the part for all it is worth in adventurous exuberance, gallantry, and romantic zest.

In Sydney—State.

## News from the studios

From LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

TO smooth the rough marital path of his curly haired son Nicky and beautiful daughter-in-law Elizabeth Taylor, wealthy Conrad Hilton laid down a paltry three million dollars for a nine-acre site in Hollywood, where he planned to build a new luxury hotel to be managed by son Nicky, whom people said needed something to occupy his time. Now everyone is wondering what comes next.

PRINCESS ANDREE AGA KHAN, former wife of the Aga Khan, recently paid her first visit to Hollywood. Of her step-daughter Princess Rita Hayworth, she said, "I think she is awfully sweet. I like her immensely."

PRETTY Ann Blyth will co-star with British actor David Farrar when he comes to Hollywood shortly to make his U.S. film debut in Uni-

versal's adventure drama "The Golden Horde." The technicolor film based on the Mongols' attempt to overrun Europe in the 13th century has Ann in the role of a glamorous princess, ruler of a threatened city. Farrar portrays an English nobleman whose small band of knights helps defend the princess.

AFTER an extensive series of New York radio appearances, young Tom Drake has returned to Hollywood for more movie jobs. His first is a co-starring role with Dane Clark in "No Help From Heaven," a mystery melodrama, at Columbia.

ONE of the screen's leading romantic men, Ronald Reagan, will switch to adventure and drama in his next vehicle, "High Tension," with John Payne. The picture, with a background of the American railroad system, will be filmed by Paramount in technicolor.



Talking  
**BIG**

By T. Wendel Hills

A Column Written from  
the Wendel Special

W to XXXXXXOS  
Fashion Salon

IT isn't the size a woman wears—it's the way her clothes are designed for her! In my salon you'll find young fashions, ingeniously interpreted in larger sizes, with a graceful distinction all of their own! For example: cool, summer-into-autumn sheer dresses, (the famous Leroy label on every one), floral designs in colours of aqua, blue, navy, rose, or cherry. For sizes XW, SOS, OS, XOS, ES/14/11; larger sizes to 60in. bust measurements, ES/19/11.

MY floral "Joyous" print dresses made by Leroy have a luxury-look that could deceive you... but they are actually washable! The sizes are XW, SOS, OS, XOS, and the price is only ES/12/11.

JUST arrived! My biggest collection of winter topcoats ever! Imagine a coat of English boucle for only ES/18/11. They're in colours of green, blue, grey, wine, black, brown, or navy. They're in a fitted style in sizes 38 to 60in. bust measurements. Make a lay-by now!

IN my salon I have those much-in-demand silk crepe dresses with finely pin-tucked bodices. See these dresses for yourself in plain shades of blue, wine, navy, pink, or green. (Any of my city or suburban salons.) Sizes XW, SOS, OS, XOS. The price, a mere ES/7/-! Mail your order for one-to-day!

ANOTHER of my big success dresses... another of those wonderfully versatile dresses "to take you anywhere." Made from famous Courtauld's crepe (exquisitely braided) in aqua, blue, wine, navy, or black. 38 to 60in. bust measurements. The price only ES/11/8. Others priced from a low ES/7/6 up to 12gu.

WOMEN who know their fashions whisper "fabulous" in the same breath with the mention of Alpaca—Yes, I have some wonderful topcoats tailored from English alpaca. A boxy style in beige, fawn, grey, or blue. Sizes 38, 40, 42, 44, 46. The price is only ES/11/3/6. (You would have to see them to realise what value they are.) Buy your topcoat now before the prices rise!

A SPECIAL invitation to my country customers to visit my salon (147A King Street), where I can help you solve any fashion problem you may have. I specialize in fittings for the larger woman.

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**1 SONG-AND-DANCE** team Bert Kalmar (Fred Astaire) and Jessie Brown (Vera-Ellen) successfully put over his songs, but Bert has suppressed ambition to be magician.



**2 MAGICIAN'S ACT** which Bert tries at Coney Island flops when song plugger Harry Ruby (Red Skelton), whose private ambition is to be a baseball player, upsets a crate of noisy animals.



**3 LAID UP** by an accident and told that he will not dance for a year Bert refuses to let Jessie accept his proposal of marriage until he is earning again.



**4 SONGS** written by Harry Ruby and Bert are approved of by leading stage star Mrs. Carter De Haven (Gloria De Haven). Thus a successful song-writing team is born and Bert and Jessie marry.



### THREE LITTLE WORDS

M.G.M.'s technicolor musical is based on the song-writing careers of the American team of Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who wrote such popular numbers as "Who's Sorry Now," "I Love You So Much," and "Three Little Words."

With its many aspects of show business, it is a bright romantic musical in best movie vaudeville tradition.

An unusual touch is Gloria De Haven's portrayal of her own mother, Mrs. Carter De Haven, who was once a famous stage star.



**6 CASTING** for a new Kalmar and Ruby musical play attracts Eileen Percy (Arlene Dahl), who later marries Harry.



**7 ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION** by Harry and Bert results in rift when Charlie Kope gets drunk and tells the story of how he and Harry killed Bert's play.



**8 REUNITED** through the efforts of their wives. Bert and Harry collaborate on writing a new song called "Three Little Words" and have a party to celebrate when it becomes a hit tune.



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**A** RCHER gritted his teeth as he restrained himself from leaping at that gross, flabby body and taking the fat neck between his fingers.

"Your stooge"—he nodded towards Drew—"said you wanted to see me." The flippant tone of his voice masked the anxiety he felt. "What have we got in common that you should want to talk to me about anything?"

The other made no reply for some moments. Then he gave a little sigh that was so much like the hiss of a snake.

"Whistle in the dark if you wish," he said. "You may persuade yourself you are going to get out of this, you may deceive yourself. But you will not deceive me. This is a trap from which you will find no way out."

Archer studied him for a moment. "There's certainly no way out for me without the girl," he said quietly, and smiled a little to himself at the quick spasm that flickered over the other's grey face.

His shaft had struck home, the barb twisting in the other's memory, reminding him of that terrible night beneath the café with the drone of bombers overhead, the crash of explosives, and the terrified face of the Butterfly's blonde girl-friend. Once again Archer saw that lovely face shattered by the bullets from the Butterfly's Luger.

He glanced at the pistol Drew was holding, idly wondering if it were by any chance the same gun the man in the black glasses had held that night. Even as the thought crossed his mind he caught the turn of the Butterfly's head towards Drew, and with another inward grin he realised the man in the wheel-chair had interpreted his look.

And then suddenly the Butterfly was leaning back panting horribly for breath, his face contorted.

Involuntarily Archer made a step forward, but Drew had anticipated him.

"Stay where you are," he rapped, waving the black pistol at him. Then to the Butterfly, "You all right now?"

Drew asked the question cautiously.

## The Dark Bureau

Continued from page 34

and stepped forward a little as if to catch the other's answer. Then it happened. It was as if his fingers, stiff with gripping the butt of the great pistol, were suddenly unclashed by an involuntary muscular reflex. The Luger fell loudly at the feet of the figure in the wheel-chair.

A sudden, exultant gleam in his eye, Archer moved like a flash. This was the heaven-sent opportunity he had subconsciously been awaiting. This was the Archer luck turning up again, giving him that old last-minute break.

But, quick as he was, the gross, slumped shape before him was quicker. One flabby hand reached downwards like the flick of a cobra's tongue, and the mouth of the Luger was staring into Archer's face.

There was a short, tense pause. Another spasm shook the Butterfly as again he recollected that terrible night in Genoa. How he hated the figure in front of him with the mocking eyes, the casual smile, the untidy sandy hair.

There passed before his mind a picture of the dimly lit cellar, of the blonde girl before and after he had shot her, and of the expression of utter contempt on the face of the man who now faced him.

Imperceptibly, almost involuntarily, the black Luger in the Butterfly's pallid hand stirred.

"No good," Archer said, his voice quietly controlled as he clenched his hands, that were moist with cold sweat. "You wouldn't get away with it as you did that night." He went on grimly. "You can do what you like to both of us, but this time, they'll get you."

The bloated face contorted, then the great body began to shake, and as its rage grew more uncontrolled a hoarse torrent of sharp invective and threats poured from it. The outburst was what Archer had been hoping for. Now or never, he told himself, and threw himself forward in a desperate lunge, eyes fixed on the Luger.

But, quick as he was, he was not

quick enough. Mouthing insanely, the other squeezed the trigger.

The seedy-looking man stood staring at Algy Dark. His expression wasn't happy, and Dark groaned inwardly as he wondered what other trouble was about to be unloaded upon him.

"All right, Viney," he said. "Spill the beans and wipe that miserable look off your face."

"I'm sorry," Viney said. "Afraid the girl's beat it."

"Nita Bennett?"

"Gone. Left the house, taking her belongings with her, right out into the blue, and her landlady hasn't the faintest idea where she's headed."

Algy Dark didn't say anything for a moment. Then:

"Suppose you start from the beginning and give it all."

"I'd been round to the offices where she worked in Regent's Park," Viney said. "Had a quiet word with the fellow I know there."

Please turn to page 40

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## What do you know about Word meanings?

Test your vocabulary with these words. Underline what you believe to be the correct meaning and turn to page 50 for the answers.

- 1—Axolotl: A Polish politician, extinct bird, Mexican walking fish, a South American mountain.
- 2—Farthingale: A leather strap for horses, whalebone hoop, singing bird, money in the bank.
- 3—Epidiascope: A complex magic lantern, an epidemic, Roman building, uranium detector.
- 4—Lama: An animal that spits, silver or gold material, a Buddhist priest, an English village.
- 5—Agar-agar: A toadstool, part of a carburettor, a dance, jelly made from seaweed.
- 6—Quartz: Pints, sheets of paper, mineral, ground where tennis is played, tonic for anaemia.
- 7—Tycoon: Business magnate, hurricane, a planet, musical instrument.
- 8—Prehensile: Despicable, dishonest, capable of grasping, difficult to understand.
- 9—Hydroponics: Mad dogs cause this, mesmerism, an acid, method of growing plants without soil, hysteria.
- 10—Orioles: Halos, seen in the sky at the north and south poles, a secret society, birds, pottery.



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under-arm **PERSPIRATION**

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5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of an international institute of laundering for being harmless to fabric.



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SELLING  
DEODORANT

ASK  
FOR

ROYAL  
TURKISH  
TOWELS  
AND  
BATH  
SHEETS

*Christy's*

AT THE LEADING STORES

## The Dark Bureau

*Continued from page 39*

VINEY paused to light a cigarette, and then went on. "He confirmed she'd been there the best part of a year. Couldn't tell much about her; however, he promised to take a look at her file, and was going to let me know more. Not that I expect that'll be much of a help. Now."

Dark didn't think it would be much of a help either. Now.

"Early this afternoon I went round to the house in Wistaria Road," Viney said. "Idea of getting to know the landlady at number thirteen. I thought I might be able to ferret out about what time she came back from the offices."

Dark nodded, and the other continued: "As it happened, I was passing the house some moment a postman was ringing the bell. I waited for Mrs. Holly to answer the door, and then I called out to the postman to ask him was there a Wistaria Lane, because that was an address I had been given and I couldn't find it."

"I remembered your having said Mrs. Holly was a talkative type, and sure enough she joined in with the postman and explained there wasn't a Wistaria Lane and it must be Wistaria Road I wanted."

Again Dark nodded, and Viney went on. "I heard Mrs. Holly say to the postman, 'It's one of my tenants that's upset me, walked out on me this morning she did.' The postman gave a sympathetic reply, and she went on about it was a young woman tenant, and she had rushed off first thing this morning. I guessed it was the Bennett girl, of course, and I started to work on her to find out what had really happened."

"The postman was the chatty type, too, and between what Mrs. Holly told him and the few things she said to me on the side, I gathered that at about eight o'clock this morning she heard Nita Bennett banging round in her room, slamming wardrobe doors, pulling out drawers, and Mrs. Holly, wondering what she was doing, went along to find out if there was anything wrong."

"The girl wouldn't let her in, just yelled through the door at her, and then in a few minutes appeared with two suitcases. She was going away for good and wouldn't be coming back, and here was the rent in lieu of notice. While Mrs. Holly was recovering from the shock the girl had gone."

"Not so good," Dark said.

"If you ask me," the seedy-looking man said, "she's been tipped off we had been watching her, and decided to get out while the going was good."

"You didn't happen to discover if her boy-friend was waiting for her?" Viney shook his head.

Algy Dark pushed back his chair and stood up without betraying the feeling of calamity that oppressed him. This was disastrous. To lose at this stage of the proceedings one of the only two links he had with the Butterfly.

He lifted the telephone-receiver and spoke into it quickly and decisively. Viney listened in deep gloom, while Dark set into motion the machinery that would result in a swift, wide-scale check up on police, taxi-drivers, or anyone else who might have noticed Nita Bennett shaking the dust of Wistaria Road off her high-heeled shoes and might have some information about where she had gone.

"My guess is," he said as he replaced the receiver, "that she and Eddie Fagan fixed it up between them, and he's taken her away in his car. Let me have all the stuff you get from your pal at the place where the girl works, just in case any little thing might prove helpful."

"There's one little thing," Viney said slowly. "Afraid it'll make you feel slightly sour."

"I can wear it. What?"

"That Mrs. Holly." As Dark's eye-

brow raised questioningly, the other went on: "She tipped off the girl you had been there."

"She did?"

"Seems she'd been suspecting for some time Nita Bennett was up to no good, though in what way she couldn't find out. But she got it pretty well fixed in her mind there was something fishy about her. So when you turned up she was quick enough to notice how the conversation got round to the girl, and she decided you had really called to make inquiries about her."

"I think she had the idea you were an inquiry agent working for a wife whose husband was cheating on her with young Nita."

Algy Dark recollected how he had taken it for granted that Mrs. Holly had accepted him at face value.

"You mean she told the girl about my visit?" he queried irritably.

"Not exactly. But after you'd gone she couldn't resist ringing up the girl at her office, asked her if she'd ever met anyone who looked like you. When Nita Bennett said, 'No, she hadn't, why?' dear Mrs. Holly tried to gloss it over. But, of course, the damage was done."

"Damage is right," Algy Dark said grimly.

Inwardly he cursed the chattering fool of a woman and the bad luck that seemed to be dogging him at every turn of this business.

Viney went on and added he'd checked at the office that the girl had received a telephone call about the time Mrs. Holly said she'd phoned.

"Wonder what the old trout suspected you were?" Dark asked sourly.

"Told her I was a private detective, working in partnership with you, getting evidence against Nita Bennett, who was going to be cited as co-respondent by our client. She was delighted," he added with a grin.

He went out leaving Algy Dark to light a fresh cigarette.

Pacing up and down, Dark asked himself where did he go from here.

The solitary strand in the tangled skein he held in his hand now was Eddie Fagan. Eddie, who'd be poking his sharp nose into the Look in anytime on the off-chance.

Dragging deeply on his cigarette, he told himself he wasn't waiting any longer. He dared not risk it. The gun had gone. He could hear it go and clear, and it meant action.

*To be concluded*

FOR FIT

AND  
STYLE



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## No Job for a Lady

ANNE MIDDLE-

TON was returning to New York after a holiday, she told Tony. "All by yourself?" he teased. "I'm a big girl now, Tony. I'm eighteen."

He got them seats together in the clapper.

"You're just as devastating as I remember you," she informed him. "And still not married, Tony?"

"Not even once," he said. "I'm not even engaged. Not at the moment," Anne said.

Her parents were waiting at La Guardia, and they were delighted to see Tony. They piled his baggage into the back of their car with Anne's, and carried him off with them to their Long Island house.

"Where are you living now, Tony?" Mrs. Middleton asked.

He smiled. "Where I hang up my hat. I haven't been back to Holly Hill for three years. As soon as I can get a car, I'm going up there for a while."

"All alone?" Her eyes were sympathetic. "You ought to get married, Tony."

"That's what I was telling Anne in the plane," he said.

Mr. Middleton looked at him sharply; Mrs. Middleton's gaze went to her daughter's face.

Anne said, "He's a fast talker, this cousin of ours."

She was a good listener. He told her about Haiti and about other places where he had been in the years since the war.

Her brown eyes crinkled. "I'll give you two weeks, at the most, at Holly Hill," she murmured.

He put a person-to-person call through to Robert Burns.

"Anthony King," he announced, when the operator said, "Here's your party."

A somewhat muffled voice said, "Oh."

"I'm out on Long Island, and as soon as I get a car, I'm coming up to Holly Hill for a few days," said Tony. "Everything okay?"

"Yes, Mr. King."

"If it's simpler for you people to

put me up at the cottage," Tony continued, "it's all right with me."

Robert Burns' voice was barely audible. "I'm afraid the cottage is rather crowded. I—my mother, I mean—can make up your room in the house."

After Tony hung up, he sat looking at the telephone. Robert Burns sounded like an odd type. Effeminate, Margo had said, of his letter. Tony could not picture a grandson of Angus being soft. Certainly the photographs of Holly Hill had shown no signs of neglect.

It was almost a week before Tony got his car. He sent a telegram to young Burns announcing the time of his arrival.

Driving the familiar road to Holly Hill, Tony thought about Anne. She was very pretty, she was gay, and she was intelligent. It was time that he got married. The time and the place and the girl, thought Tony. The place, he knew, was Holly Hill.

When he turned the car into the driveway, he had a moment of wishing that he had not come. The gardener's cottage was in a small grove of trees hidden from the main house, and he drove there first.

"Angus' widow opened the door. 'It's good to see you home, Mr. King.'"

Tony kissed her. "It's good to be home, Mrs. Burns. But since when did you call me 'Mr. King'?"

She made him tea, and they talked of Angus and of his parents and the past.

"Robbie's not here," she said abruptly. "Would you like me to go up to the house with you?"

"I think I know my way," he answered, smiling.

It was not impossible, but it was not easy. He went from one silent room to another, and everything was just as it had always been.

He walked about the quiet gardens and returned to the cottage. The younger Mrs. Burns was there with Angus' widow; she seemed to Tony ill-at-ease in his presence, relieved

when he announced his departure.

"I'm sorry to have missed Robbie," he said. "I'd like to meet him and congratulate him."

"Robbie's a good worker," said Robbie's grandmother mildly.

Something in her tone made him look at her.

The old lady was smiling to herself. "Tony, you need a wife," she told him.

"I've been thinking about that," he answered. "Do you remember my cousin, Anne Middleton?"

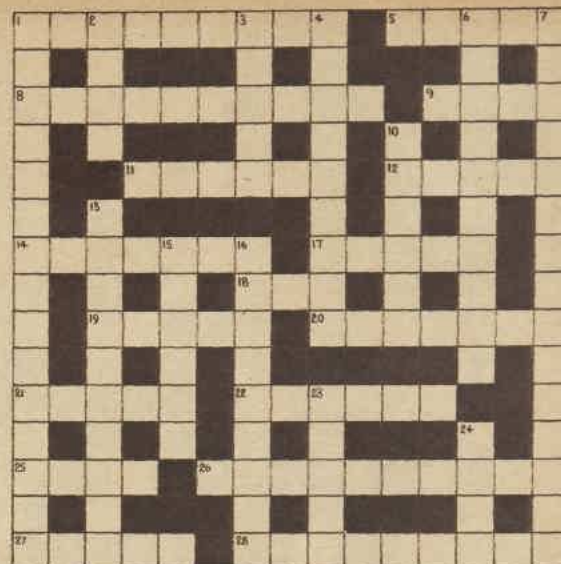
Solution to last week's crossword.

OF THE FIRST WATER  
RAY H A O E  
GARMENT RATTAP  
AN R R U E R O  
NAIL HAMBURGERS  
S H I S W N S  
ISHMAEL TATTLE  
N R S L G S  
TOLEDO AMOROUS  
E E T L N N U  
NECROMANCY STAR  
T T F T E O L O  
T I M I S E R P A I R S  
O R N L E N E  
N I N E D A Y S W O N D E R

## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. He must have done his felonious plundering in the insignia of his degree? (5, 4)
2. Joyful song of man or bird starting with a vehicle (3)
3. These modest nourishments of early (7) origin sound as if they were surceresses on the beach (10)
4. Did this Russian ruler proclaim that he is the front? (4)
5. This old-fashioned warning is a reversed painting on the wall (6)
6. Grain prepared for brewing a Mediterranean island (8)
7. Tea between yellowish-brown and spirit display temper (7)
8. A Japanese sun and it tells in Latin that you died (9)
9. Sick (3)
10. Notions originating from aside (5)
11. Safe too (anagr. 4, 2)
12. The Spanish and you of the French, escape (5)
13. World organisation in the service of humanity or a try confounded (6)
14. Branches of learning hidden by rats (4)
15. Large mania changes for a man who is head of a business (10)
16. A bit slippy, but it's glory (5)
17. Won at kite (anagr. 4, 2, 2)



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Only an early bird can go as high as this bird (4, 4, 2, 4)
2. Organised company headed by a graduate (4)
3. Looks like an outside automobile, but very much appreciated in Hollywood (5)
4. Lead Homer and if you change light will enter through you (3, 4)
5. It happened in England 1688, in America 1775, in France 1789 (10)
6. Outstretched weapon possessed by jurisprudence tells that the police can catch you anywhere (4, 3, 2, 3, 3)
7. Precincts (6)
8. Hinted indirectly in transgression and you consumed coppers (10)
9. Threads a rope about evenings before (6)
10. Vile wretch where one thousand is one hundred about a six-footer (9)
11. Trace ending in an instrument of torture (6)
12. Pug is in the middle (4)

She nodded. "That would have pleased your mother."

Tony smiled. "I haven't asked her yet."

"If you've been thinking about it," said Mrs. Burns, "it's likely she knows too."

He drove back that afternoon. Mrs. Middleton said, "Why, Tony! What happened?" when he came in.

"I forgot something," he told her. "Anne's gone to some party. I don't even know where. Didn't you go to Holly Hill?"

"I went," he said. "I can't take it by myself."

He was reading a magazine when Anne returned.

It's likely she knows, Mrs. Burns had said. They both knew; there was no need for preliminaries. "Anne, would you marry me?" he asked.

Her head tilted to one side. "You certainly have the approval of both my parents, Cousin Tony," she told him.

Please turn to page 44

# SUNDOUR

## FINE FURNISHING FABRICS



NOW YOU CAN get them again! Sundour fabrics are back in all their glory. Chintzes and damasks and linens, for curtains and covers that brilliantly transform your rooms; muslins and nets to drape your windows; every sort of fabric to make your house a place you love to live in.



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- ★ Automatic COOKING ★ Silent REFRIGERATION
- ★ Instant HOT WATER ★ Healthful HEATING

THE NATIONAL GAS ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA



### NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS...

#### No. 735.—HOUSE-FROCK

An American-styled house-frock, combining utility with easy laundering, is cut out ready to make in pretty floral summer breeze cotton in blue, red, and aqua on white grounds. Prices: Bust, 32-34in., 2s/6; bust 36-38in., 2s/11; postage, 2/6.

#### No. 736.—CUSHION COVER

An attractive floral design is traced ready to embroider on good-quality repp in shades of burgundy and green. Size is 18in. x 23in. Price, 9/11; postage, 10/6d.

#### No. 737.—BABY'S PILLOW-CASE

A dainty organdie pillow-case is traced ready to embroider in white, blue, pink, and green. Size is 21in. x 17in. Price, 4/7; postage, 6/6d.

#### No. 738.—FOUR (4) DOYLES

Traced ready to embroider in heavy cream Irish linen and sheer linen or organdie in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green; or British cotton in lemon, blue, pink, and green. They measure 5in. x 11in. and 8in. x 8in. Lace to finish not supplied. Prices: Linen, 1/- each; postage 3d. or set of four, 3/-; postage 6d. Organdie and cotton, 10d. ea.; postage 3d. or set of four, 3/-; postage 6d.

#### No. 739.—DRESSING-GOWN FOR THE TINY TOT

The sweetest design, cut out ready to make in lovely raytrousse satin in white, pink, and blue. Prices: 2yrs., length 24in., 18/6; postage 1/6; 3yrs., 26in., 19/6; postage 1/6; 4yrs., 28in., 20/11; postage 1/9; 5-6yrs., 31in., 21/11; postage 1/9.

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks and Needlework Notions (note prices) to Pattern Department at address given for your State on page 52. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

## Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

**JEANNE**—Skirt.—Large pockets are the fashion highlight of this softly gathered skirt. The material is cool floral seersucker in navy and red, pale blue and navy, and saxe-blue and pale blue—all on white grounds. Ready To Wear: Sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 42/6, plus 1/9 postage. Cut Out Only: Sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 32/11, plus 1/9 postage.

**TERRY**—Skirt.—A useful and smart dirndl skirt to team with odd blouses. The material is floral seersucker in navy and red, pale blue and navy, and saxe-blue and pale blue—all on white grounds. Ready To Wear: Sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 42/6, plus 1/9 postage. Cut Out Only: Sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 32/11, plus 1/9 postage.

NOTE.—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Fashion Frocks costing more than 4/11 are sent by registered post. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 52.





# Flowers IN YOUR HOME

Flower pieces can be delicately lovely or as dramatic as you care to make them . . . These arrangements show what you can do with an armful of blossoms to give your rooms the final touch of color and charm.



**MANTELPiece STUDY:** Giant hippeastrum heads and iris leaves combine with dramatic effect. Low bowl and needlepoint holder are basic necessities. Other large blooms from your garden could be used in place of the hippeastrums.



**DRESSING-TABLE ALLURE:** A trio of gardenias surrounded by their cool, green leaves nestle comfortably in a wide, flat shell. A low bowl would serve as well.

**(LEFT):** Highlighting the living-room or stairway niche. Delicately appealing arrangement by Mrs. A. M. Davis, of Cammeray, Sydney, featuring flowers from her beautiful garden.

**(RIGHT):** For hall table or buffet. A rich, colorful arrangement spiced with originality. Rectangles of sea-grass in background provide linear contrast.





ANNE'S brown eyes, that were so like his mother's, were steady. "But you're not in love with me," she added.

He blinked. Looking into her clear young eyes, he found that he could not deny her statement.

"You're eleven years older than I, Tony," she told him. "When I'm an entrancing thirty, you'll be forty-one."

He said "Ouch!" "It doesn't really hurt," said Anne. She was smiling. "You want a mistress for Holly Hill, don't you, Cousin Tony? And you think I'll do!"

She shook her head vigorously. "Darling, I hate living in the country. I hate growing things as only the child of the president of the Garden Club can hate them. And I'm desperately in love with what my parents consider a completely unsuitable young man."

Tony laughed. "You win," he said. He kissed her forehead. "Can I help about the young man?"

## No Job for a Lady

Continued from page 41

"Can you find him a job?" she retorted.

He spent three more days with the Middletons. He met, and liked, his cousin's young man, and when he had successfully completed a combined role of Cupid and employment agency he got into his car and headed for New York.

New York was hot; most of the people he knew would be out of town. He ordered a drink and sat down in an armchair by the open window of his hotel room. After a while he picked up the newspaper. An air-line advertisement, caught his eye. SICILY AWAITS YOU. It was nice to know that something was awaiting him. He had never been to Sicily. He finished his drink and crossed to the telephone.

In the morning he called young Burns.

"Anthony King again," he said, when the low, almost-girlish voice

answered. "My plans have changed rather abruptly. I'm flying to Sicily this Thursday. Will you carry on?"

"Certainly, Mr. King."

Tony was almost positive that there was relief in his gardener's voice. "I'll let you know my address," he added. His address. The place where he hung his hat. He had never in his life been more depressed.

"I hope you have a lovely time," said young Burns.

Tony said, "Thanks," and hung up.

"I hope you have a lovely time." A lovely time! Tony King sat very still, his hand still holding the telephone. Then he got up and emptied his suitcase on the bed, found Robert Burns' letters.

"My brothers are both in high school," he read. Straining his memory he remembered old Angus talking of his grandchildren. "They're a fine pair of boys," Angus had told him proudly. A fine pair of boys. He was sure of that. And hadn't there been a lassie too?

He went back to the telephone and ordered his car.

It was late afternoon when he entered the driveway of Holly Hill. He stopped in front of his house, and he was not out of the car before an imperious young voice demanded, "Are you looking for someone?"

"That's right," said Tony. He had been wondering what Angus' granddaughter would be like—twenty-two years old, strong, industrious, and sober, but he realised now that his mind had made no pictures of her.

His mouth twitched as his amused eyes swept from Angus' old tweed cap, with the red curls tumbling

beneath it, down the slender body which a boy's shirt and dungarees could not make boyish, to the sturdy shoes, and back to her face. Robbie's cheeks flamed. "You're Mr. King," she said.

He bowed. "And you," he retorted cheerfully, "are the strong, industrious, and sober Robert."

He was laughing at her, and her blue eyes flashed in quick temper and resentment.

"All right!" she said, glaring at him. "But I did go to Agricultural College, and I am perfectly competent to take care of your property!"

"Did I say anything to the contrary?" he asked.

She was tense with anger, and she did not like being laughed at by anyone.

"I enjoyed your letters . . . Robert," he told her.

She did not speak.

"Shall we sit down?" he suggested, indicating the pale stone steps. He took a package of cigarettes from his pocket. "Do you smoke, Robert?"

"No, thank you," said Robbie stiffly.

He grinned, looking up at her. "No bad habits at all, eh?"

"Except an occasional lie," she snapped.

"Oh, come now," he murmured. "Would you really call it a lie? You never said you were a young man."

"Listen, Mr. King," she said, talking very fast. "I knew that I could do grandfather's work, and I wanted so much to keep the family here—She swallowed, blinking her eyelashes over the threatening brightness. "I can leave just as soon as you wish," she said with dignity. She added stiffly, "I assure you that this job is very far from my plans for my future."

## QUIETLY

Tony asked: "What makes you think that I want you to leave?"

She did not look at him. "Most people do not employ female gardeners," she answered. "I doubt if your wife would care for one."

Tony smiled. "You've probably got something there," he agreed. "Only I don't have a wife."

She looked at him uncertainly. "Grandmother said—I mean, we assumed that you were going to Sicily for your honeymoon."

"Robert," said Tony, "she turned me down."

"Oh," said Robbie. Her blue eyes softened. "I'm sorry."

"It was just a notion," he said. "She saw through it before I did. I wanted a woman at Holly Hill."

"Oh," Robbie said again. She looked at the ground. "If you really want me to stay," she added breathlessly, "I'll keep on until you come back from Sicily."

"Thank you, Robert," said Tony. He was smiling. "You know, I'm not sure that Sicily wasn't just a notion too. Would your offer hold good if I change my mind and don't go to Sicily?"

She flushed. "Why . . . I guess so," she said. "I don't quite understand."

"I don't know that I do, either," said Tony. He knew that it seemed natural and very pleasant to be sitting on the front steps of Holly Hill. "Robert, is the front door locked?" he asked.

Her eyes widened. "Why, no," she told him.

"Good!" said Tony. He stood up and looked down at her, smiling. He reflected that no man had probably ever had a prettier gardener. "I thought," he explained, "that before you show me the orioles' nest, I'd like to hang up my hat."

(Copyright)

### Beauty in Brief:

#### SIMPLE SUN AIDS

By CAROLYN EARLE

- There are two dampers on holiday gaiety that anybody is likely to meet—sunburn and blisters. Here are some soothing hints.
- Relieve the pain of mild sunburn by saturating a cloth with iced milk or mineral oil and applying it gently to the burned skin. Renew saturation every few minutes for half an hour.
- Cold compresses of saturated solution of boracic acid (make sure there are no lumps in this solution) can be used in the same way to good effect.
- If you blister on the day you are burnt, or if there is any swelling or other reaction, see your doctor.
- If you are susceptible to blisters that usually attack the lips, avoid windburn and sunburn carefully, and use double doses of protective lotion and cream before venturing outdoors.
- When a blister rises apply cold compresses of milk, water, or boracic solution. Tincture of benzoin, painted on, is another beneficial aid.

## Ford Pills are wonderful for all your family

### This grateful mother writes:

There used to be one or another of my kiddies sick or out of sorts. Their stomach troubles used to last for days. Now, at the first sign of crankiness, stomach trouble or loss of appetite, I give them a Ford Pill and they are right again in a few hours. Baby, who is just 10 months, gets half a Ford Pill crushed in honey. We've never been so well and I think Ford Pills are wonderful.

Ford Pills will keep your children free from constipation and stomach trouble—the usual causes of crankiness and loss of appetite. Ford Pills are the gentle, tasteless, painless laxative—best for all your family.

### Give Ford Pills this way:

Children, 10 months to 2 years:  
Give half a Ford Pill crushed in honey, jam or treacle.

#### Older children:

Give half to 1 Ford Pill with a drink or crushed in honey, jam or treacle.

#### Adults:

1 to 3 Ford Pills with a drink.

Ford Pills will give your family cheery good health.

GET FORD PILLS  
IN PLASTIC TUBES  
2/6 EVERYWHERE



# FORD PILLS

THE GENTLE, TASTELESS, PAINLESS LAXATIVE FOR ALL YOUR FAMILY



THE wireless crackled; the American voice grew louder and faded and came again. But it wasn't bad reception for short wave.

"It's as good as I can get it," said Reverend MacNab, fingering the knobs, with his red face close to the loudspeaker.

Jean sat still, just looking at the place the noise came from, the way people do. She could hear the steady drizzle of rain on the rhododendrons outside the minister's study window.

That's a disappointment about Hendricks. He did splendidly, though. Now it's the last man of all. Now you people over there in Scotland, it's your own man, Georgie MacTaggart.

"I've been watching that boy all morning. It's wonderful to see the composure he has, sitting out there on the grass, not a worry, not a care. Ideal temperament. And when you think he's new to all this."

"Now he's standing up, going over to the circle. Listen to the cheering, listen to the way the crowd is wishing him luck. I can't tell you what it's like. That boy, that braw Highland Laddie, has won the heart of America. The people are mad for him. It's not only what he did yesterday. . . . The voice faded right out.

The minister tutted irritably. But it came back: "Not since the great John L. Sullivan, the Boston Strong Boy, the idol of the people of this city—not since John L. Sullivan has Boston felt like this about a man. No diamond-studded belt for Georgie perhaps, but our thoughts are with him, our fervent hopes and wishes."

"Now he has the shot in his hand. Silence now, absolute silence. You could hear a pin drop, yes literally; and the stands are still, literally absolutely still. He's stepping out to

the circle, kilt swinging, the picture of confidence.

"Did you hear that shout? Just one man's tremendous voice. I don't know what he called. Now MacTaggart's in the circle. He's standing there, taking rather a long time."

Come away now, Georgie, Jean was saying inside her, not even her lips moving. Come away, my wee Georgie.

"I can't help it," the minister muttered. "I shouldn't be praying for a thing like that, but I canna help it."

He heaved those great shoulders, flexed them once, a wonderful movement. And now he's in position. He's ready. He's all set. Any moment now. Bending for the spring. That kilt! He's off. Oh, the strength and the grace of the boy. Up it goes, up and up, and Georgie's safe inside the circle.

"It's coming down now. It's a beauty! He's won! It's out clear in front of all the others. Oh, oh, oh. . . ." The far away American was speechless.

The minister jumped to his feet, knocking his chair over, face like a red apple wet from the tap, and he danced around his study in a wild caper. "Whoopce!" he shouted. "Whoopce!"

Jean's heart was too full to notice anything strange in his behaviour. The tears of joy were running down her cheeks. But the announcer had got his voice back.

"It's pandemonium," he screamed. "It's colossal! It's an All-American wow. Georgie's smiling, coming back out of the circle. The crowd's gone mad! They're storming the arena, running for him from all directions. In twenty years I've never seen . . .

## Geordie Continued from page 10

"And Helga Sorensen got there first! She's in his arms! They're kissing. It's splendid! It's a union of giants. It's beautiful to see. I wish you could see them, the kilted hero and the Nordic Diana. She's a lovely girl. What a couple! They're still embracing. The crowds are reaching him now."

Jean leaned forward quickly and turned off the switch. Then she stood up. The minister had stopped his capers. The smile was off his face.

"Perhaps . . ." he began. "Maybe . . ." But he looked greatly distressed.

Geordie came to his senses and disentangled himself from Helga.

The first hand grasped his and spoke loud and foreign. "Herzliche Glückwunsche!" said Weber the mighty German.

"Thanks," said Georgie.

Then he was engulfed in the rampaging raving cheering crowd. They swung him up, all 20 stone of him, and he was tossed about precariously on their shoulders, smiling down at the laughing faces, at all the different kinds of faces with the stamp of America on them.

Somewhere in among the confusion he heard the loudspeaker say: "Winner Georgie MacTaggart, Great Britain, 55 feet and half an inch. New Olympic Record."

Louder cheering after that; noise and color and heat and enthusiasm, and him surging round the grass of the arena. "Hi, Georgie! Good work! Great stuff, Georgie! That was mighty fine!"

That was wonderful! How d'you like the States?"

"It's no bad," said Georgie. "It's nice for a visit. It's a fine place."

He was thoroughly happy in his strange position; but in a funny way, even as they took him round the track in triumph, Georgie's time with the kind Americans was over. He had started on his journey home.

AS they were coming down the stretch beside the stands, Georgie noticed a commotion within the commotion, a wedge forcing its way through the crowd below him. Then a military aide and a group of police were all about him.

"Come on, Georgie," said the military aide, a jolly fellow. "Come and meet the President."

Geordie came into the President's box. His spikes were sticking through the carpet into the wooden boards, so walking wasn't free and easy. But the President and his wife were charming and easy and they chatted with Georgie just like he was at home.

"What's that kilt you're wearing, Georgie?" the President asked presently. He'd just called him Mr. MacTaggart the once.

"That's a Black Watch kilt," said Georgie. "It was my dad's as a matter of fact."

"And your mother is alive?" said Mrs. President.

"Ay, mum's fine, mam."

"Tell us about your home," said the President.

So Georgie told them all about home, about the hill and his job and the grouse-shooting starting soon and the Laird with his daft notions. He even told them about Jean.

Just then the announcer said, "Helga Sorensen, Norway, leads with . . ."

"You'd better not tell Jean about Helga," said the President of the United States. He had wrinkles all round the eyes and a rare twinkle in them.

Funnily enough that was just what Georgie was thinking. He was worrying that Jean might be vexed if she knew about him and Helga kissing out there in public. She might get the wrong notion of it altogether.

Please turn to page 47



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**M**CCRIMMON'S bus

stopped, and Geordie got down with his suitcase and the hat-box in his hands. "Cheerio, Geordie," said the driver. The bus rattled away towards Drumfleckan village.

Well, here he was at last, home again, and the white cottage with mum's flowers growing on the end wall.

"Mum! Are ye there, Mum?" he called at the door.

"Geordie!" She came running from the kitchen; a bit heavy-footed since she started putting on weight in earnest, but she could move fast. She held him at arm's length. "Let's take a look at ye. No change that I can see. The same wee Geordie grown big." She gave him another hug and led the way into the kitchen.

Geordie left the hat-box in the porch, not wanting awkward questions; but he took up his suitcase. There was the fine burning oatmeal smell of bannocks on the range.

"It's grand to be back," he said, looking round the kitchen.

"So you won the prize," said Mum. She had her back to him at the range. Mum never took much time away from what she was doing.

"Ay." "I had the wireless turned on," she said. "But I was ower excited. I was wearing myself to a shadow, so I had to shut it off afore the finish."

"Ye'd still be a guid-sized shadow," said Geordie.

"Get away now, Geordie. Yon's no the way to speak to yer mum." They both laughed.

"I'll get myself changed," said Geordie. He went upstairs to his room and put on old clothes. That was another good feeling, to be wearing patched things again.

When he came down mum had tea ready for him. He could hardly wait to get away up to the gardens to find Jean, but he didn't want to be hurting mum's feelings, so he took his time and ate a bigger tea than he was hungry for.

Afterwards she came to the door with him. "I hear tell Mistress Robertson's leaving the Bighoose. Her old dad's ailing."

"Is that so?" said Geordie.

"The Laird was telling me," said mum, looking at him with a meaning in her face he didn't understand the reason for. "The Laird's needing new help in the kitchen."

Then she noticed the white hat-box. "Yon's like a lady's hat-box."

"Ay," said Geordie. He wished he'd thought of hiding it in the bushes.

**Geordie**

Continued from page 45

"Did ye bring me a hat all the way from Ameriky? That's a kindness, Geordie, I must say." She was laughing all over her face; a terrible tease was mum.

Geordie remembered the hand-bag he'd bought for her, so he ran upstairs to get it. It was a big leather one, useful for shopping.

"It's a braw bag," she said. "But here's me needing a new hat."

Geordie picked up the round box by its string and went off up the path before mum could say any more. "Thanks, Geordie," she called after him.

It wasn't raining yet, but it was a heavy afternoon. With the slow day and him thicker in the head than usual on account of getting home again, Geordie was half-way to the garden before he tumbled to what mum could have been meaning about new help being needed in the Bighoose.

She could have meant that she was the one the Laird was after getting; perhaps that would explain the jokes about Jean's hat, too. Perhaps mum and the Laird were thinking Geordie might be getting married.

"Yo-hoo, Geordie." There was only one person that could be. Geordie stopped, feeling vexed that he should be caught with the hat-box in his hand. He dropped it and looked round.

The Laird was sitting at the foot of a tree. He had his fieldglasses round his neck, long legs stretched out in front. Geordie went over.

"Welcome, George. Wassail! Glad to be back?"

"I am that," said Geordie.

"How're you keeping, sir?" "Pretty well, thank you. Just watching a Great Spotted Woodpecker. A touch of lumbago, nothing to speak of."

"It's the wet earth gives you that," said Geordie.

"Sit down on the wet earth, George, and tell me your adventures."

So Geordie sat down beside the Laird and told his story, making it brief. When he reached the actual shot-putting, the Laird stopped him.

"I heard that on the wireless," he said.

"Did you, sir?" said Geordie, surprised that the Laird would find time in among all his wee jobs.

"Yes. Fellow did it splendidly. Curious language, of course. Tell me, George, what about this Norwegian girl, Helga something or other, if it's not a rude question?"

"Helga? How did you hear that, sir?" A vague cloud of discomfort

appeared on the horizon of Geordie's mind. If the Laird knew...

"Couldn't help hearing, my dear fellow. That announcer chap said you were embracing in the middle of the ring. Not only said it, he went on about it."

"It wasn't me started it," said Geordie, feeling like a small boy again. "It was Helga."

"Oh?" said the Laird. "Didn't you do a bit of embracing too? Feller certainly gave that impression."

"I s'pose I did, sir, in a manner of speaking, just for a wee minute. I couldn't help myself."

"Wouldn't have mentioned it, George. Only I happened to meet the minister a few days ago, and he said Jean was very much upset." The Laird coughed. "Can't blame her really. Public embrace and all that. Oh, listen to that hammer-headed bird!"

Geordie took a piece of twig and began to carve furrows in the soggy earth, not seeing the marks he was making.

Now all his bright expectations had faded; all his tall castles were in ruins. Jean wasn't a lassie who'd forgive a thing like that; Jean wouldn't believe there were times when a chap would have to kiss in self-defence.

He surprised himself by groaning out loud.

"Don't worry too much, George," said the Laird kindly. "Just thought you'd better be warned."

"I had that," said Geordie. "What am I to do, sir?"

Please turn to page 50



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These recipes include a variety of stimulating appetisers, savories, cocktails, and long, thirst-quenching fruit drinks you will enjoy serving during these warm months.

## CITRUSADE (As Illustrated)

Two grapefruit, 3 large lemons, 2 or 3 lumps loaf sugar, 1 pint boiling water, sugar syrup to sweeten, crushed ice, soda water or iced water, slices of lemon to garnish.

Squeeze juice from grapefruit into jug or basin. Carefully peel lemons and place rind in with grapefruit juice. Rub peeled lemons with loaf sugar, and add sugar to jug. Squeeze lemon juice and add. Pour boiling water over, allow to cool. Strain, sweeten to taste with sugar syrup, and just before serving dilute with crushed ice or soda water. Garnish with slices of lemon.

## PINEAPPLE CUP (As Illustrated)

One grated pineapple, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup lemon juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup orange juice, 1 bottle ginger ale, pulp of 2 passionfruit (or more if readily available), crushed ice, cherries to garnish (or thin lemon slices).

Grate pineapple and bring to boil with sugar and water. Simmer 10 minutes. Add lemon and orange juice. Chill. Just before serving, dilute with ginger ale, add passionfruit pulp and crushed ice, and garnish each glass with cherries or lemon slices.

## PINEAPPLE AND CREAM CHEESE APPETISER (As Illustrated)

Place crisp lettuce leaf on individual-size plate, sprinkle with  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon lemon juice. Put a pineapple slice (skin, eyes, and core removed) on the lettuce, and place three cream cheese balls in the centre. To make balls, flavor cream cheese with salt and a little cayenne pepper, mould into balls with the fingers, and roll in chopped parsley. Garnish with strawberries and a sprig of mint. Serve chilled.

## SAVORY CREAM CHEESE FINGERS (As Illustrated)

Soften cream cheese with a little milk, beat well. Flavor with salt and a dash of cayenne pepper, pipe or spoon on to savory biscuits, and top with paprika. Garnish with sliced, stuffed olive, and sliced, colored pickled onion. Decorate serving-plate with parsley.

## PAPAW AND PINEAPPLE APPETISER (As Illustrated)

Combine equal quantities of diced papaw and diced pineapple, mix with orange juice and sugar to taste. Fill into individual-size dishes

or tall glasses, and garnish with crystallised cherries and mint sprigs. Frost edges of dishes or glasses by dipping top edges only in water, and then in sugar—do this before filling with fruit mixture.

## PRAWN AND GRAPEFRUIT APPETISER (As Illustrated)

Allow  $\frac{1}{2}$  grapefruit to each person. Remove pulp from centre, dice, and mix with shelled chopped prawns. Season with salt and a little lemon juice. Using scissors, cut a picket edge on grapefruit halves, fill grapefruit and prawn combination into prepared shell. Top each with a

spoonful of mayonnaise, dust with paprika and garnish with parsley, lemon slices, small lettuce leaves, and whole prawns. Serve very cold.

## SHERRY FLIP

Half cup dry sherry, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons sugar, crushed ice, nutmeg.

Mix sherry with beaten eggs. Place in shaker (or screw-top jar) with crushed ice and sugar. Shake well, serve in small glasses, topped with a grating of nutmeg. Sufficient for three or four.

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Four cups sugar, 4 cups cold water.

Place both ingredients into saucepan, bring slowly to boil. Stir occasionally so that all sugar is dissolved before the syrup boils. Allow to boil 10 minutes, cool, skim, or strain through very fine strainer. Bottle and use as required.



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## Geordie

Continued from page 47

THERE was a little silence, during which it seemed that the Laird was giving serious consideration to Geordie's predicament. Geordie sat waiting, his eyes fixed miserably on the ground.

"If I were you, George," the Laird said at length, "I would make a manly apology. I would say you just kissed the first thing that came to hand in the heat of the moment. I would say it was a thing full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. In short I would say it wasn't your fault."

He went on, "But I wouldn't be too lame about the whole affair. After all, accidents are sure to happen, and human frailty knows no bounds. Then if there is any further hostility I should buss the lady."

"What's buss?" said Geordie, who was paying close attention.

"Embrace her. Grasp her in your arms and say you won't have any more nonsense."

"Jean's got a terrible fierce temper," said Geordie doubtfully.

"Yes I know," said the Laird. "That's why you need a bit of fire yourself."

Geordie stood up. "Well, thanks, sir," he said. "I'm much obliged."

The Laird walked over to the path with him. "If you're looking for Jean," he said, "I saw her at the trout hole an hour ago. She was fishing disconsolately. I say, what's this?" He stood with his legs wide apart, looking down at the hat-box.

"That's for Jean," said Geordie.

"I got it in a hat shop in America."

"The devil you did," said the Laird. "Let's have a look, George."

Geordie undid the string, removed the lid, laid back the tissue paper and took out the hat. He'd forgotten what a beauty of a hat it was—green straw, red feathers, white veil, and the purple grapes all the way round.

The Laird gasped.

"Isn't that a braw hat?" said Geordie with pride.

"Braw!" said the Laird. His face was twitching with admiration. "It's stupendous. That's a hat to tickle any woman's fancy."

"Jean could wear it to the kirk," said Geordie.

"Yes, indeed."

Geordie put it back in its box and tied the string neatly. "I got it special," he said sadly, for the hat was only a small patch of blue sky amid heavy clouds.

Jean was sitting with the rod in her hands at the place between the tumble of the big burn which gathered water from five miles of hill, at the pool which was called the Trout Hole, a deep place below the fast water and above the fast water.

Geordie watched her for a minute, thinking of all the miles he had gone and come, and no happiness now in the meeting.

He put down the hat-box in the high bracken and went on towards Jean.

"Jean!" he called quite loud.

She jumped, point of the rod flicking up and down, and turned. There wasn't any expression on her face, no welcome, no anger, but it was going pale. The fresh color was draining from it.

"Can I sit down?" Geordie said, to break the awkward pause.

"I canna' stop ye."

### QUIZ ANSWERS

Answers to word quiz published on page 39: 1, Walking fish; 2, Whalebone hoop; 3, Magic lantern; 4, Buddhist priest; 5, Jelly made from seaweed; 6, Mineral; 7, Business magnate; 8, Capable of grasping; 9, Growing plants without soil; 10, Birds.

Geordie sat down. The line hung into the dead part of the pool.

"Did you catch any?"

"Does it look like it?" She said these things, but there wasn't anger in her voice, just a deadness and a dislike.

"D'you remember yon time we got ten in the one afternoon?"

Jean grunted. She raised the rod and swung the line up the pool.

"So you won," she said flatly.

"Ay," said Geordie. "I managed to win." He thought: It was you made me win. But he couldn't say it then when she was sour at him. He shifted restlessly on the hard rock, moved further from her.

"What's the next championship you'll be after winning?"

"That's the last," he said loudly.

"I've done wi' all yon havers."

"Havers?" she said, turning to look at him for the first time, not able to hide her surprise.

"Ay, havers," said Geordie. "Exercises, balanced development, throwing a round ball. The whole thing's... the whole thing's daft. What's the use of being strong?"

"There's uses in being strong," she said, frowning.

"That's no what you said before," said Geordie, coming right back at her. First she said exercises were daft. Then when you said that yourself she changed her mind. Where could you be with the contrary craters?

"Here, let's have the rod," he said, taking it from her so quick she

couldn't argue. He put new bait on the hook. There was a place he knew in the far corner.

The pool was all deep, seven or eight feet, but in that corner a rock jutted out a foot below the surface, and often a trout would lie under it, getting his feed in a hidden place.

It was a difficult place to put the weighted bait. You had to swing it just right into the fast water and let it move a foot and a half below the surface, no more, no less.

Geordie missed the first time. He tried again. This one looked better. It was in the right spot below the white foam.

Straight away the line jinked sharply on the surface, and Geordie struck. "Got him!" he said, forgetting everything in that thrill, keeping a sure touch on his fish, letting the reel rasp out in a short run, recovering the spare at once.

It was a good-sized trout; the silvery belly flickered down there in deep water, and the line slid tautly to the top of the pool and cut its furrow back. Geordie took it slowly, keeping a hold on the fish, letting it wear itself out.

Then he pushed the rod back into Jean's hands, lay on his stomach on the rock, and stretched down for the trout.

"Three-quarters," he said, killing it with the edge of his hand.

"That's the way to get them." He smiled at Jean; you couldn't quarrel when you were catching fish.

Please turn to page 52



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This product is endorsed by the Federated Pharmaceutical Service Guild of Australia.





## Sweet, savory dishes win cash prizes

● Two delicious sweets, a jellied meat and vegetable shape, and a date and banana loaf win prizes in this week's cookery contest.

ONE of the sweets is hot and the other cold.

Home-cooked or tinned apricots may be used for the cold sweet. They must be thoroughly drained free of syrup, some of which is used to dissolve the gelatine.

If desired rum may be omitted and a few drops of almond essence used instead.

All spoon measurements are level.

### RUM AND APRICOT FLUMMERY

Two cups stewed apricots (stoned and sliced), 2 tablespoons finely shredded almonds, 1 tablespoon rum, 1 pint milk coffee, 3 dessertspoons gelatine, 1 cup whipped cream or substitute,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup apricot juice.

Add almonds to apricots, sprinkle with rum, cover and allow to stand 1 hour. Heat apricot juice, add gelatine, stir until dissolved. Heat coffee, strain, stir in dissolved gelatine. Allow to cool, beat with rotary beater until beginning to thicken. Add apricots, almonds, and rum; fold in whipped cream. Fill into wetted mould and chill until set. Unmould and serve garnished with sweet finger biscuits.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. R. Dickinson, 140 Islington St., Colingwood, Vic.

### DATE AND BANANA LOAF

Two cups wholemeal self-raising flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup white self-raising flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup icing-sugar, 4 tablespoons butter or other solid-type shortening,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 1 lb. dates, 4 well-mashed bananas, 2 tablespoons chopped nuts,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk, 2 eggs.

Sift white self-raising flour, salt, and icing-sugar into a basin, add wholemeal self-raising flour and dates, mix well. Heat  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of the milk, add butter, and allow to

melt. Beat eggs, add butter mixture, remaining  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of milk, and mashed bananas. Pour into dry ingredients, fold in lightly until all dry ingredients are absorbed. Fill into two well-greased loaf-tins and sprinkle tops with nuts. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 20 to 30 minutes. Allow to stand in tins for 10 minutes before cooling on a cake-cooler.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Oxnam, 43 Melton Rd., Toombul, Brisbane.

### APPLE AND CINNAMON PUFFS

One cup sugar, 1 cup water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pink coloring, 5 medium-sized cooking apples,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup shortening,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk.

Peel, core, and thinly slice apples, place in greased shallow baking-dish. Make a syrup of sugar, water, and pink coloring, and pour over apples. Rub shortening into sifted flour, baking powder, and salt, then mix to a soft dough with milk. Drop about twelve spoonfuls of dough on to top of apples. Make a dent in the top of each with handle of wooden spoon dipped in flour. Combine 2 tablespoons melted butter with 2 tablespoons sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cinnamon, and fill this mixture into each dent. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) for 25 to 30 minutes. Serve with custard or cream.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. R. Wright, 123 William St., Devonport, Tas.

### JELLIED VEAL

One knuckle of veal (well broken), 2 or 3 tablespoons each of chopped celery, onion, parsley, carrot, and turnip, 1 blade of mace,

2 cloves, 1 teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cayenne pepper, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 hard-boiled eggs.



SIMPLE MILK BLANCMANGE flavored with brown sugar makes a creamy base for jellied fruit. Add dissolved gelatine to a very thin blancmange, and add to mould on top of fruit.

## HERE'S A "BIG" DELICIOUS BREAKFAST!



\* Food experts say:

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CF50-2

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## GARDEN PRIZE NEXT WEEK

FIRST prize-winning entries in our Home Gardening Contest will be published next week.

Weekly prizes of £2/2/- are being offered for black-and-white photographs illustrating readers' gardens, pot-plant collections, balcony gardens, water gardens, penthouse gardens, balcony displays, or well laid out backyards.

Special cash payments of £5 are also being offered for color photographs of gardens.

Black-and-white photographs must be on glossy paper. Only trans-

parencies will be accepted as color entries.

Include a brief account of cultivation methods with both black-and-white pictures and color transparencies.

Any member of the family may take a snapshot of your garden and send it in.

Stories and pictures, whether in black-and-white or color, should be forwarded to the "Home Gardener," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Negatives will be returned if stamped addressed envelopes are included with the entry.



**J**EAN wasn't smiling. "That's the way to get them!" She mimicked the way he spoke, and then said bitterly: "Aye showing off, aye doing it better than other folk, aye perfection—that's Georgie MacTaggart."

Geordie's worries came back to him with a rush. Now he'd made it worse, showing her how to take a trout in a pool she knew well.

"Och, Jean!" he said, more contrite than ever. But it was no good going on like this, getting the sharp edge of her resentment. He would have to bring it up about Helga.

"You heard it on the wireless?" he said, taking the plunge.

"Ay."

What did the Laird say? Manly apology. . . . Kissed the first thing that came to hand . . . signifying nothing.

"I couldn't help myself, Jean. It was just after I'd won. Helga took a jump at me, and before I knew it she was kissing me, before I knew it we was tied up there in public and all the folk running from

round about. It was just like getting a kiss from the first thing that came to hand."

"The first thing to hand and you had no hand in it!" cried Jean, shouting loud above the endless rush of water. "Poor Georgie getting a hug from his grandma. Is that the way of it?"

Her eyes were flashing fire now and her cheeks were flushed. Well, anything was better than that cold shut-off deadness, and her so alive and hot-blooded.

"Listen! . . . She's in his arms. They're kissing. It's a union of giants. It's beautiful to see. They're still embracing. I wish you could see them!" Jean did a passable imitation of the excited American voice. Then she came back into her own.

"I can see them right enough. I can see you after what you promised and Miss Helga, what's-her-name, cuddle, cuddle, cuddle afore the crowd."

## Geordie Continued from page 50

Geordie groaned. "It was only afore the crowd," he said. "There was never any private places in it."

"Only afore the crowd! That's just it. That's worse. And the whole of the glen listening on the wireless having a good laugh at me. It isn't you. You're the great Georgie getting kisses, and daft women hungered for ye. It's me!" Jean stared down at the water, gripping the rock so her knuckles showed white.

"I'm sorry, Jean," said Geordie. "It was the heat of the minute and never signified nothing. You wouldn't be pleased if I'd been off in the woods and bushes with Helga, would ye?"

"I'm no caring," said Jean. "I was thinking of you when I kissed her." It was true; he had been.

Jean sprang up and stamped her foot. "That's the last straw. That's the finish. And let me tell you, Georgie MacTaggart, I was not thinking of you when I was out with Tom Gillespie last week and didn't get home till two in the morning."

"Tom Gillespie!" said Geordie slowly, and the anger rose slowly in him, in the roots of his hair, and he got slowly to his feet. "Tom Gillespie!"

That was the chap worked in the garage. That was the snarmy-headed one who's been hanging about Jean for a long time. That was a wee man Geordie didn't like anyway.

"What was you doing with Tom Gillespie?" he said, glaring at her. She stared him back hotly in the eyes. "Why wouldn't I go with Tom Gillespie? Why wouldn't I get a kiss?"

Buss her! he thought blindly. That's what the Laird said. Well, he'd give her a bussing. He'd pay her back for saying he hadn't been true.

Love, anger, jealousy, even a moment of hate were all mixed up in Geordie's seething mind. He lunged for Jean, gripped her by the shoulders, bent down to kiss her fiercely, but she fought like a wild cat, turning her head this way and that.

He got his lips against her cheek, and then he couldn't see and slipped and it was too late. They were still struggling as they hit the water, and the cold of the hill burn smacked him painfully on the head.

They came apart gasping. Geordie's own anger died at once, but not Jean's. She attacked him in the water, tugging at his hair like a wet fury. But it was too difficult to keep up a fight in deep water, and Jean hardly able to swim, he knew that. In a minute she was clutching at him for safety.

Geordie held her head up and kicked for the side. It was a hard place to get out of. He remembered that from once when he'd fallen in as a laddie. The rocks dropped two feet sheer into the water.

"Hang on, Jeannie," he gasped, putting her hand to a small crevice. Then he found a handhold for himself, and another, inching himself up the rock with his great strength, getting both hands on top, drawing his body over the edge in a long heave.

He knelt and looked down at her. She was still spluttering, black hair in her eyes and floating out behind. She looked very much bedraggled, but her face was wet and bare and bonny.

"Are ye sorry, my wee Jean?" he said, all the resentment and rage wiped out of him, laughing at the fine pickle they'd got themselves into.

"No, I'm not," she panted. "I'll leave ye then," said Geordie. Now at last he had her where he wanted to have her. "I'll leave ye

till the trout nibble at your bones. Are ye sorry?"

"No," said Jean, but there was just a glimmer of a smile on her face with teeth chattering.

He bent far down for her wrists and lifted her right out in one movement, and she was in his arms now, both of them cold and wet, and no more thought of anger. They kissed one another, feeling the sharp sweetness of love after anger, of meeting after absence.

"I never let Tom Gillespie kiss me," Jean murmured.

Geordie said nothing, wise in his generation, wise in the wisdom of that daft old Laird. Buss her and no more nonsense. No more explaining from him.

"We'll need to get changed, Georgie, Georgie, darling," said Jean into his ear. She'd never called him that before.

"Am I better than Helga?" Geordie laughed out loud. He took her to him.

"Ay," he said, "you're better'n Helga—better this way and that way, better every way. Stronger and fiercer and less muscles on ye, and you're the one I'm loving." Just the shadow of Helga, the faint discomfort of taking from a woman what you could not give.

"I've a hat for ye, Jean."

"A hat?"

"Ay, I looked at every hat in the window in Boston and chose it special. You could wear it to the kirk. You could wear it on the Marriage day."

"Oh, Geordie! Let's see."

## P

PICKING up the rod, Geordie fixed the bare hook into the handle, took the trout by the gills, and walked with Jean to the bracken where the hatbox lay. It was a queer place to leave a hat from Boston. That was a feeling Geordie had.

The clouds were still lower now, and it had begun to drizzle, but they were too happy and wet already and shivering for that to make a difference.

Jean knelt to undo the string, fumbling in her eagerness.

"Oh!" she said, holding it up in the rain. "Oh!"

Then she burst into tears. Well, of all the things for Jean to do just then, just when she had the hat in her hand at last.

"Do ye no think you're a braw hat?" said Geordie. A terrible thought had struck him.

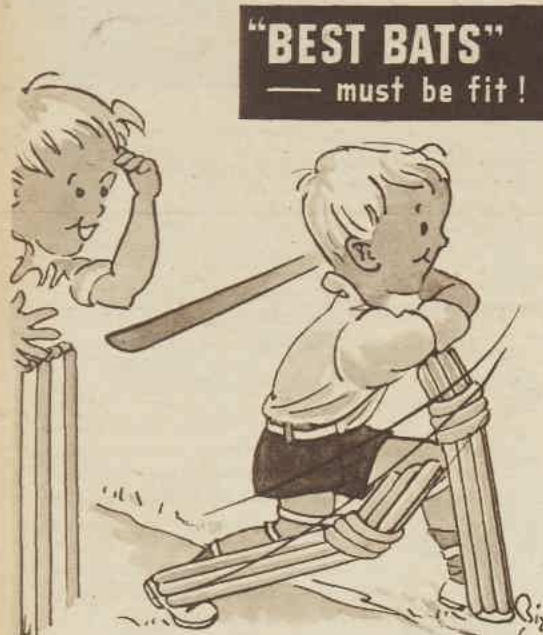
"My wee Geordie," she sobbed, coming to him; so with hat and trout and rod there was just the one hand to spare between the two of them. "And you bringing it all the way from America. It's the . . . It's the bonniest hat I ever saw."

"Put it on," he said.

Jean flung back her wet hair and put the braw hat on her head.

The drizzle thickened, making a tiny shaking patter on the leaves. The mist was cold and close about them as they went home. But Geordie and Jean could see the rolling of the hill. They knew the moods which gave it life. They saw the sweep of it with no ending.

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F6268.—Frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Pattern, 2/6.

+++

F6269.—Pyjama suit. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material, and 4yds. braid. Pattern, 2/9.

+++

F6270.—Frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Pattern, 2/6.

F6271.—Suit. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Pattern, 2/9.

SEND your orders for Fashion Patterns (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your city. Or patterns may be obtained from our offices at: Newspaper House, 247 Collins Street, Melbourne; Royal Insurance Building, 13 Grenfell Street, Adelaide; The Examiner, 71-77 Paterson Street, Launceston; 81 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane; 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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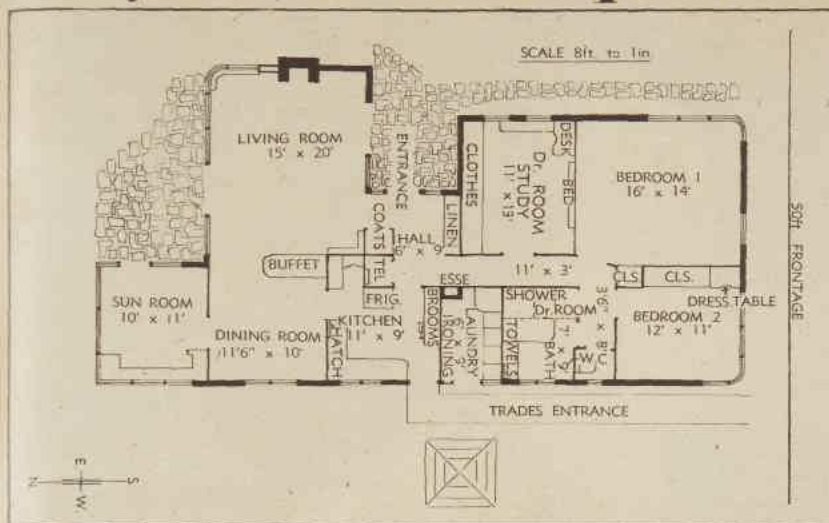
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# Entry in Home Competition



Entry in the £4000 Plan-a-Home Contest featured this week was submitted by a Cremorne, N.S.W., reader.

The house was designed for two, but is easily adapted to the needs of a family of four.

REMARKS accompanying the entry show the underlying principle of planning:

"The house is of white brick with green tiled roof, but this would be governed by the site and surroundings. Placing of a garage would also depend on the site.

"It is designed in two units, sleeping and living. Bathroom, laundry, and kitchen are grouped together to save plumbing.

"The kitchen is centrally placed, easily accessible to the front door and for outdoor meals. There is a chute in the bathroom for soiled linen, and one for garbage in the kitchen.

"Other features are a dining-room hatch, an ironing table in the laundry, and a towel cupboard in the bathroom.

"The drying area is near the laundry door.

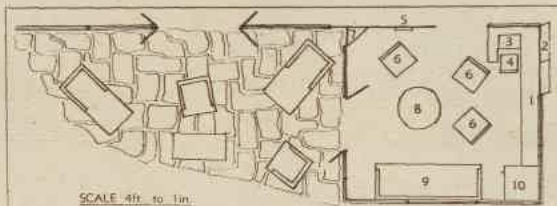
"There are some built-in fixtures, but not to the exclusion of furniture, for example in the main bedroom.

"The terrace flagstones can be hoisted, the living-room fireplace can be cleaned externally, and the woodbox can be filled from the outside.

"The linen cupboard is convenient to laundry and bedrooms. There is a small copper in the laundry as well as a washing machine, and the kitchen layout is designed to save labor.

"On the south-east is a summer outdoor living area with another

GROUND PLAN of an entry in our Plan-a-Home Contest. Individual plans will be published each week until the winners are announced. Plans selected for publication are not necessarily prize-winners.



SUNROOM AND WINTER TERRACE. 1—Cupboard unit for sewing machine. 2—Wall cupboard. 3—Sewing machine which drops into slot. 4—Sewing chair. 5—Wall ironing-board. 6—Chair. 7—Electric fire. 8 and 9—Table and lounge. 10—Lift-lid cupboard for storing terrace cushions.

for winter on the north. Wide overhanging eaves protect the western side and the front entrance. Fly screens cover all windows and external doors.

"There is a hot water service, and ample heating (in the absence of central heating) by an open fire in the living-room, a heater in the hall, and electric fires in main bedroom, bathroom, dressing-room, study, and sunroom.

"The sunroom has special built-in fixtures for sewing. There are telephone plugs in the main bedroom and study. Between the living and dining-rooms is a built-in buffet.

"Color schemes throughout are based on rose and green, with soft aqua in the sleeping unit, and lime with bolder reds in the living area.

Details of color and furnishing of the following rooms are interesting:

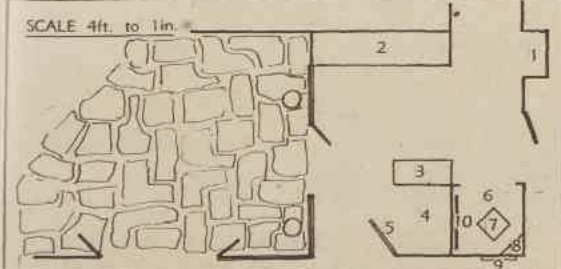
- Main bedroom. Queen Anne cedar furniture is featured here. Only built-in furniture is a long cupboard. Walls, ceiling, and woodwork are pale pink, bedspread and curtains a deeper pink, dressing-table stool and lamps clear rose, with wall-to-wall carpet in aqua.
- Dressing-room-study. To give

plenty of space, all furniture is built-in, with the exception of a small table and two easy chairs. Walls and woodwork are palest blue, ceiling ivory, chairs upholstered in royal blue. Furniture is honey-toned, carpet deep pink, yellow cushions, and toning patterned curtains.

- Kitchen. Shutter to answer telephone without leaving the kitchen and a ventilated vegetable cupboard are two interesting details. Walls, ceiling, and cupboards are lime-green; woodwork, bench-top, and venetians are bottle-green; floor ruby-red.
- Sunroom and winter terrace. Furniture is in bamboo with lime walls and ceiling, and rose and deep green cushions. Floor matting in green and cream check. Glass door opens on to the terrace, where there is sturdy, weather-proofed wooden furniture on wheels.

- Entrance hall and summer terrace. Opaque ornamental windows with wrought-iron grilles and red-tubed shrubs flank the front door. The door itself is of solid timber. Wall-to-wall hall carpet in deepest pink with walls, ceiling, and woodwork in lime.
- Living-room and dining-room. These rooms adjoin. Walls, ceiling, woodwork, and venetians are lime; wall-to-wall carpet, which runs in from entrance hall, is deep pink; dining chairs and two-seat damask lounges deep green; lime, clear rose, yellow, and blue cushions on lounges. Glass louvres above glass doors give extra ventilation. Wooden pelmets to match skirting boards at top of all windows and doors. Curtains and lamps ivory.

- Bathroom. Tiles, walls, and woodwork pale pink, curtains deep lilac, bath, basin, and toilet pale green. Opaque glass wall from floor separates shower room, which has a small cupboard and towel rail, and sufficient space for dressing.



ENTRANCE HALL AND SUMMER TERRACE. 1—Built-in heater. 2—Linen cupboard. 3—Ornamental table with wall mirror. 4—Coat cupboard with top space for suitcases. 5—Mirror door. 6—Telephone alcove. 7—Chair. 8—Built-in corner for telephone book, pads, etc. 9—Shutter to kitchen. 10—Bridge-table storage.

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